

The Sketch

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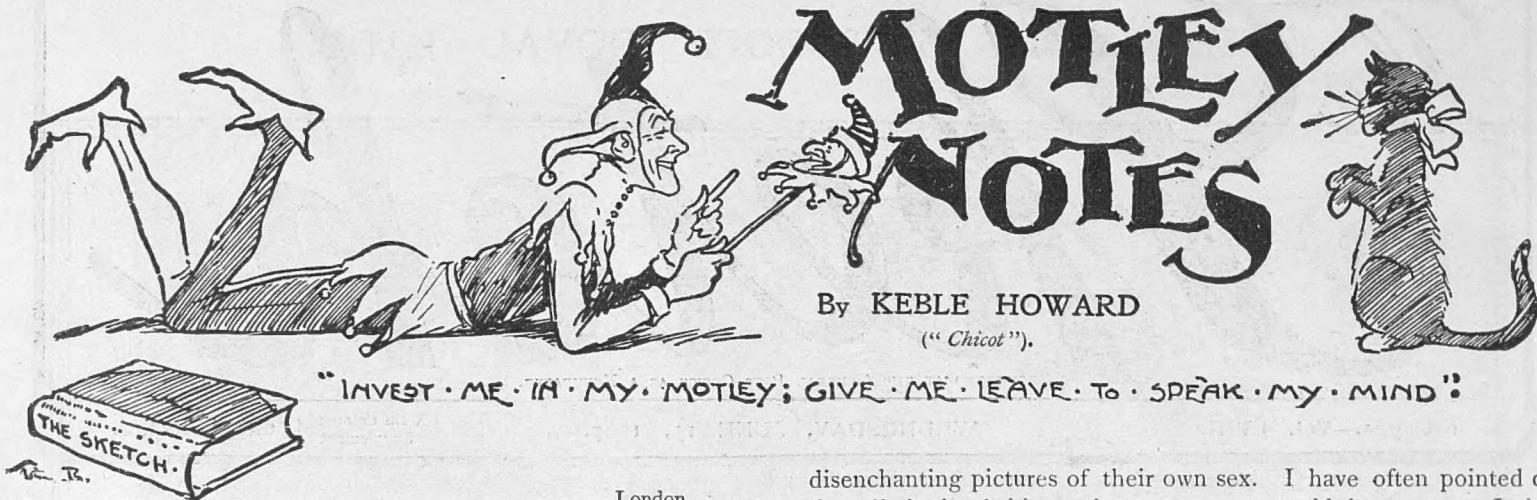
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1907.

With Coloured
Supplement | ONE SHILLING.



BONNE BOUCHE!

Photograph of Miss Kitty Mason by the Dover Street Studios.



"About Choosing a Husband."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is a queer fellow. At any rate, he seems to have queer ideas about the kind of man a girl should marry. In the "Book of the Queen's Fête"—edited by Mr. Pett Ridge, and sold at the Mansion House last week in aid of the Lord Mayor's Crippled Children Fund—I find an extract from a one-act play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, called "The Goal." The extract is headed, "About Choosing a Husband." An old man is supposed to be giving advice to a young girl. Some of the advice is quite sound, as, for example: "Look him thoroughly up and down! Be sure that he has a good full open eye that can look you straight in the face, and be sure that the whites of his eyes are clear." Oh, yes. Mr. Jones is good on eyes. It is when he comes to hands that the trouble begins. If you can believe it, Mr. Jones prefers *moist* hands. Listen: "Notice the grip of his hand when he shakes hands with you! Take care it's strong and firm, and not cold and dry. No young man should have a cold, dry hand." I must get a copy of the play, and see whether the girl meekly accepts the old man's eulogies of moist hands. If she does, it is a bad bit of work. He suggests nothing, by the way, about the tone of the voice. There is character, surely, in a voice! Mr. Jones's impossible old man would say, I suppose: "See that his voice is high and reedy, my dear."

Another Silly Objection.

I have not done yet with this topic. Mr. Jones's old man urges the girl to choose a husband who does not stammer. Stammering is one of Nature's little tricks that very few people understand. Stammering arises from a weak nerve in the brain. Strengthen that nerve and the stammerer is cured. But it so happens that this particular nerve is never weak in the case of people who are mean, or hard, or utterly selfish. I do not pretend to say that only stammerers have gentle, sensitive, sympathetic natures, but I do claim that a person who stammers slightly will generally be found to be trustworthy, diffident, kind-hearted, and, nine times out of ten, possessed of considerable mental ability. Many of the world's heroes have been stammerers, from Moses downwards. To ridicule stammering is the mark of a fool and a vulgarian. Schoolmasters are very often guilty of this ignorant cruelty—but then many schoolmasters are fools and vulgarians. If I were advising a girl about the choice of a husband, I would tell her to seek in the man those very qualities indicated by a slight hesitancy of speech. If the marriage turned out happily, she would probably find that the stammering vanished and the good qualities were strengthened. No, Mr. Jones. I do not care so much for your glib fellows with moist hands.

The Ruthless Sex.

"Not one man in five hundred," says a writer in a contemporary, "pictures his future wife in the surroundings of the ordinary girl. Where is the Adam who dreams of meeting his Eve, short of skirt and strong of arm, in the hockey field, or striding over the turf with a golf-club, or plunging madly after a tennis-ball?" But are these, one may be permitted to ask in reply, the surroundings of the ordinary girl? And, if they are, is she for ever playing hockey, or striding over the turf with a golf-club, or plunging madly after a tennis-ball? Besides, why should she "stride" over the turf? I have seen girls playing golf, and they seemed to me to be walking along quite nicely and reasonably. Again, does the average girl "plunge madly" after a tennis-ball? It sounds awful. I have seen girls playing tennis, and they appeared to be doing it rather gracefully—far more gracefully, as a rule, than men. They didn't plunge or scream. It is curious that women will persist in drawing these

disenchanting pictures of their own sex. I have often pointed out that all the hard things about women are said by women. It is a great pity, because it would seem to show that they find the world an extremely ugly place. Whereas, you know, as a matter of fact, it is rather a pretty place.

The Truth About Lying.

Another writer, also a lady, seems to think that all men look upon women as liars. Her account of the way in which this state of things has come about is rather ingenious. Once upon a time, it seems, women were compelled to lie in self-defence. Then they became "emancipated"—no particular date given—and left off telling lies. But the result was even more disastrous. Why? Because—"being no longer afraid of what people will say, she can afford to be open. The result of this increase of feminine candour has, however, apparently not tended to make woman more popular. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that a more or less truthful woman is looked upon with grave suspicion. What is more, nobody believes her." The answer to that is, what are you going to do about it? Are women to tell lies in order that they may be believed? Or are they to go on telling the truth and make up their minds to be disbelieved? For myself, I would rather not settle the problem. I may just hint, however, that I think they will continue to make statements that, at one and the same time, suit their purpose best and are most likely to be believed. As for men, they are such bad liars that the question does not concern them. I only knew one man who was really a perfect liar, and he took such advantage of his talent that he died in a madhouse.

Things that You May Believe.

It is a very good working rule to believe everything that you are told in the ordinary course of social life, and nothing that you cannot prove in business. To disbelieve people who tell you little lies about their money, or their amours, or their sports, or their friends is idle. When a snobbish person says to you—"Oh, yes, I had an invitation to the Duchess's party, but I refused it because I don't like the way she treats her servants," why should you disbelieve her? It is far easier and kinder to nod your head a few times, very earnestly, and pass along. But when a man says he will pay you so much for a certain thing on a certain date, that is the time to be sceptical. Make him put it down on paper, and get one of the nice gentlemen at Somerset House to stamp it with both hands.

The Very Latest System.

"The best way of teaching children to be polite," I read in one of my daily papers, "is by being polite to children." I can imagine some world-weary governess making the experiment. In this way—

GOVERNESS. Might I ask you, Harold dear, not to kick me on the shin? Pardon the suggestion, but it hurts.

HAROLD. Rot! (Kicks.)

GOVERNESS. Oh! oh! I'm sorry to have to speak strongly to you, Harold, but you are rather inclined to be inconsiderate.

HAROLD. Oh, shut it! (Kicks harder.)

GOVERNESS. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! I have no desire to wound your feelings, Harold, but I feel bound to point out, in justice to myself, that you have removed a large portion of skin from my shin.

HAROLD. All the better! (A mighty kick.)

GOVERNESS. Oh! oh!! oh!!! oh!!!! Let me beg of you, Harold darling, by all the traditions of chivalry that Englishmen treasure, to desist from this cruel sport. (Sobs.)

HAROLD. Do you good! (Takes a flying kick with both feet.)

GOVERNESS (suddenly returning to old methods). You little beast! Take that! (Harold's turn to weep.)

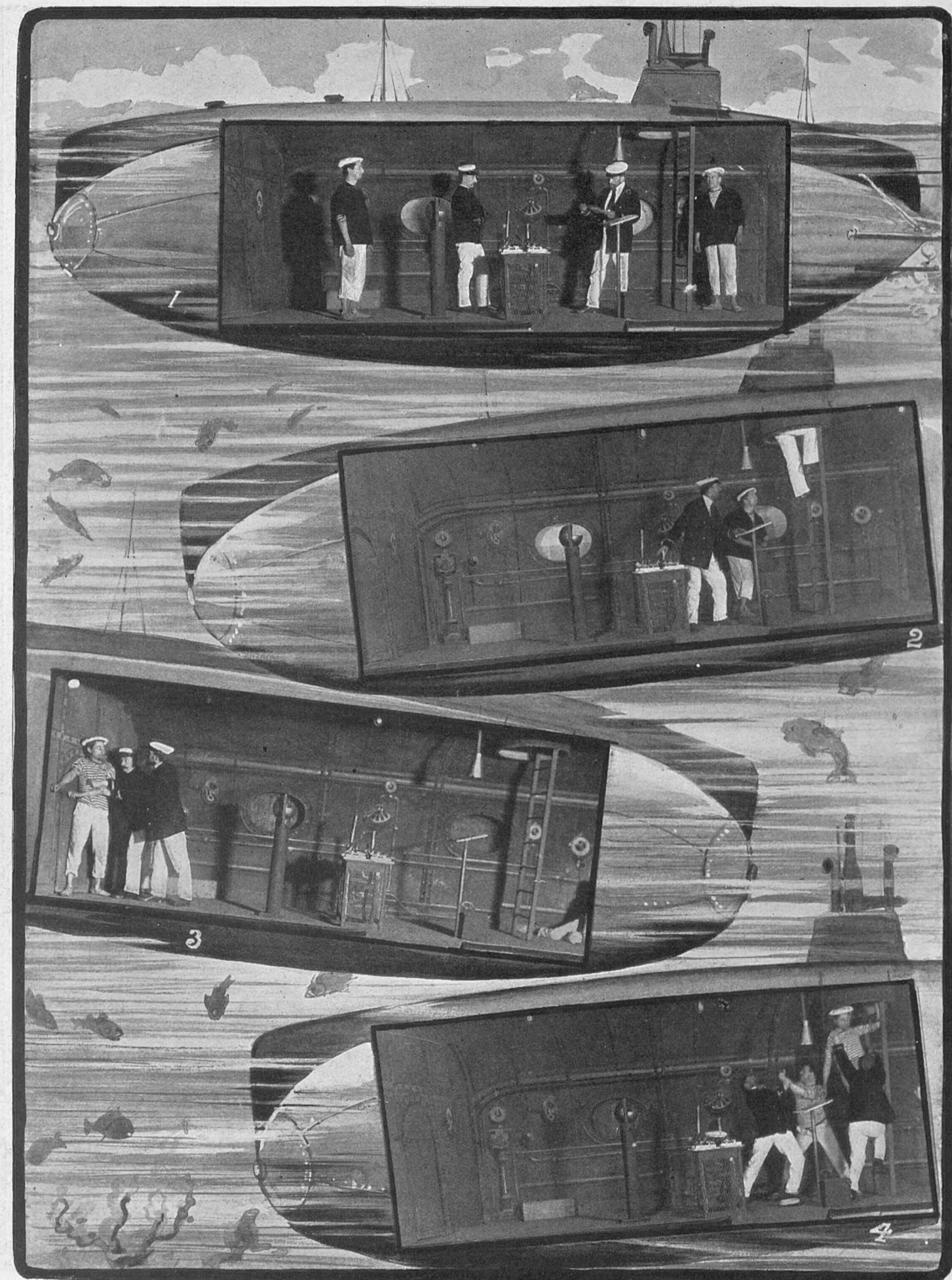
THE ONLY TATTOOED ROYAL LADY.



PRINCESS WALDEMAR OF DENMARK, SHOWING THE LARGE ANCHOR THAT WAS TATTOOED
ON HER ARM IN THE FAR EAST.

Before her marriage, when she was Princess Marie of Orleans, Princess Waldemar travelled a great deal in the Far East. There she had many interesting experiences, visiting Chinese opium-dens and being tattooed.

A SUBMARINE DISASTER ON THE STAGE: "EN PLONGÉE,"
AT THE GRAND GUIGNOL, PARIS.



1. THE COMMANDER OF THE SUBMARINE ISSUING ORDERS TO HIS CREW.

2. THE LAUNCHING OF A TORPEDO.

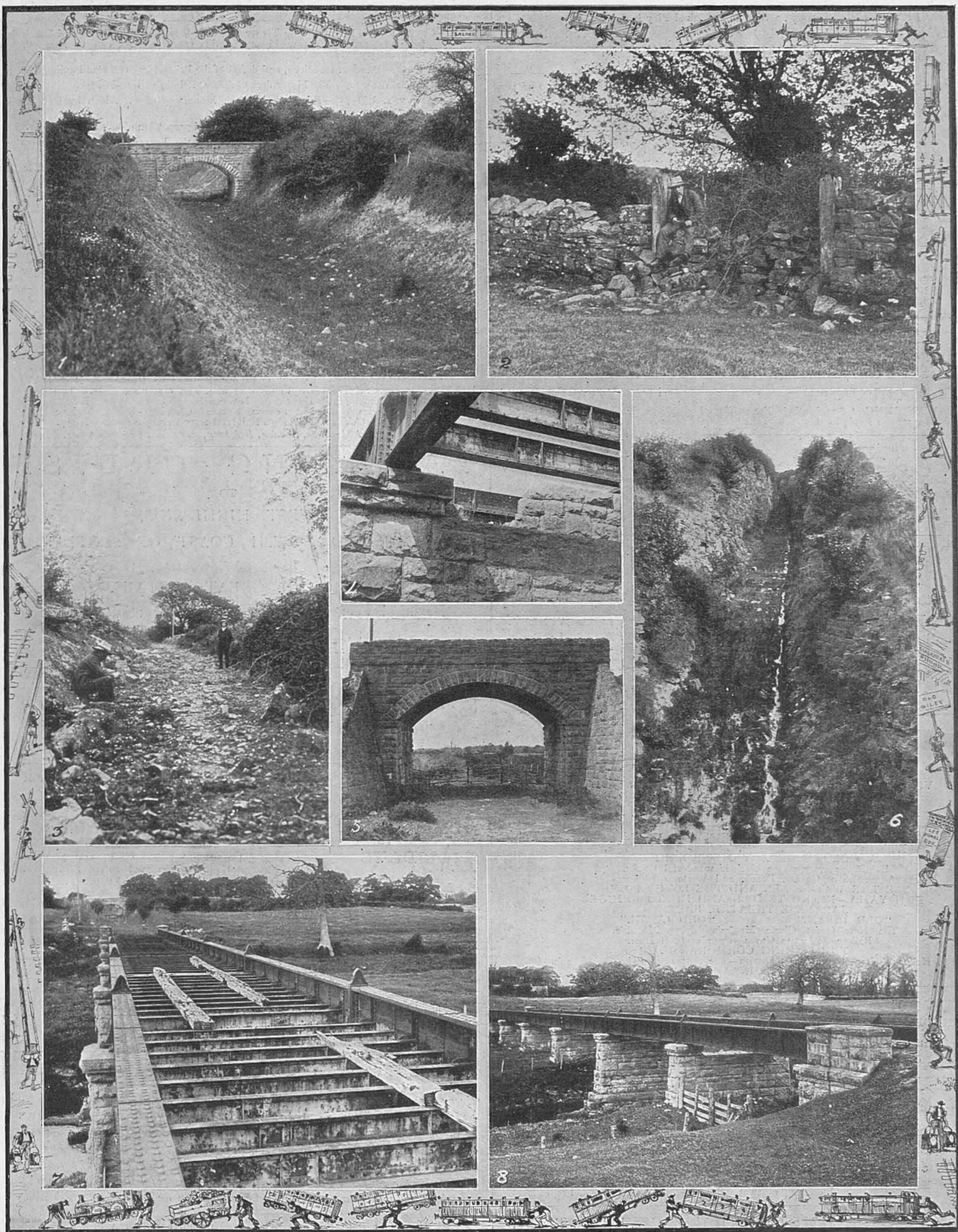
3. THE BEGINNING OF THE TRAGEDY: "THERE IS AIR ENOUGH FOR FOUR, BUT NOT FOR EIGHT."

4. THE END OF THE TRAGEDY: THE STRUGGLE ROUND THE MAN-HOLE.

The Grand Guignol, the little theatre in Paris that has made so great a reputation for the production of short, ultra-realistic plays, has just created another sensation by the presentation of "En Plongée," a drama of a submarine. The scene shows the navigation-room of a submarine. Through the port-holes is seen the sea. On board are the Commander, a young Lieutenant on his first trip, and the crew. The Commander glories in the danger of his work. The order is given, and the vessel begins to sink. The young Lieutenant feels giddy and faint. The Commander laughs, and orders the vessel to plunge still deeper. The Mate tells the Lieutenant that one day the Commander will wreck the vessel. The Commander takes opium; madness comes upon him; and he orders the vessel down, and down, rejoicing that the submarine has something like the weight of Notre Dame on her shell. Then the vessel begins to leak; there is a fight for the ladder; the Mate shoots two men, and dashes up the steps; then the curtain falls. The next scene is the official funeral, with a speech of platitudes by a pompous Cabinet Minister.

STEALING A RAILWAY!

THE LOOTING OF THE DERELICT BIRR AND PARSONSTOWN RAILWAY.



1. WHERE THE LINE ONCE WAS: THE PATH OF THE RAILWAY NEAR RIVERSTOWN, CLEARED OF LINES AND SLEEPERS.
2. GATE-POSTS TAKEN FROM THE RAILWAY, AND ERECTED ON A PEASANT'S HOLDING.
3. THE TRACK OF THE RAILWAY NEAR PORTUMNA—THE LINE AND SLEEPERS REMOVED BY PEASANTS.
4. ONE OF THE SUPPORTS OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER BROSNA, SHOWING THE BREACH MADE BY A PARTY WHO ATTEMPTED TO STEAL THE BRIDGE.

5. THE DESERTED, GRASS-GROWN RAILWAY TRACK PASSING UNDER ONE OF THE BRIDGES.
6. ONE OF THE EXPENSIVE CUTTINGS THROUGH SOLID ROCK THAT PROBABLY CAUSED THE RAILWAY TO LOSE MONEY.
7. THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER BROSNA, STRIPPED OF SLEEPERS.
8. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BROSNA BRIDGE, A CONSIDERABLE PART OF WHICH WAS STOLEN.

The Birr and Parsonstown Railway was 12 miles in length, and was built in 1868. After the Great Southern Company had given up working it, much of it was stolen by people in the district through which it ran. Rails, sleepers, wires, gates, buildings, and parts of the bridges were taken piece by piece, until the railway is now scarcely more than a myth.

Photographs specially taken by the Topical Press.

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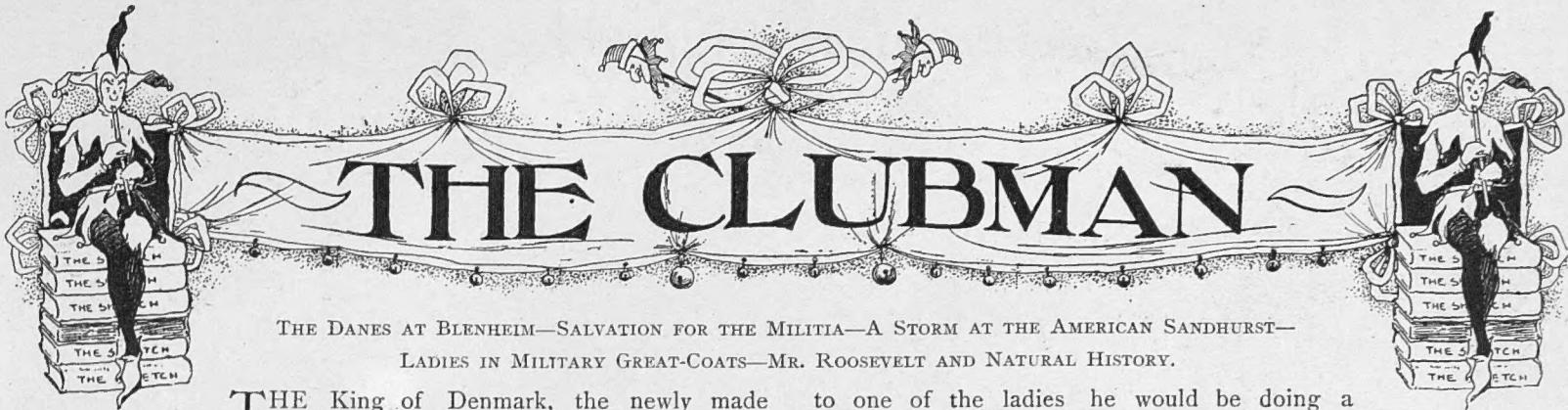
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THE DANES AT BLENHEIM—SALVATION FOR THE MILITIA—A STORM AT THE AMERICAN SANDHURST—

LADIES IN MILITARY GREAT-COATS—MR. ROOSEVELT AND NATURAL HISTORY.

THE King of Denmark, the newly made Colonel-in-Chief of the Buffs, who was expected to lead his regiment past the saluting-post at Aldershot, but did not, made mention several times of occasions when the Danish troops had fought shoulder to shoulder with his new British command, and instanced the Battle of Blenheim. In that great victory of the Allies there were Danish regiments in the force under Marlborough as well as in the force under Prince Eugene. The King might also well have mentioned Steinkirk, that splendid drawn battle in which the Danish Guards and the Queen's Danish Regiment fought with the utmost gallantry. There was one moment in the battle when the Danes and the British Guards, who had repulsed attack after attack of the French, who outnumbered them by ten to one, were saved from extermination by the advance of two regiments, one of which was Churchill's, now the Buffs, which regiments, moving down the slope to within point-blank range of the French, poured into their close ranks a murderous volley.

The Militia are evidently to be saved, unless the Militia commanding officers are too stiff-necked to accept salvation. One of the great grievances of the Militia as a whole is that its best battalions were so depleted at the time of the Boer War by forwarding drafts to the Line that the War Office would not send what remained of those regiments on active service on account of their weakness. If the Militia still finds a place in Mr. Haldane's scheme, its Colonels will still have to accept for their regiments the rôle of feeders to the Line battalions; but they will retain their old traditions, their colours, and their plate, and they will find a position ready for them on active service, should the country go to war. The nation will be pleased to see the old national force saved from extinction.

There is a very pretty storm in a tea-cup at West Point, which is to America what the Sandhurst and Woolwich colleges are to us. All the trouble arose, as it generally does, from a very small incident. The cadets were playing a football match, and a number of pretty ladies were looking on. The day was rainy and boisterous, and it occurred to a gallant young cadet who was amongst the spectators that if he brought his overcoat from his quarters and offered it

to one of the ladies he would be doing a polite act. When the other ladies saw one

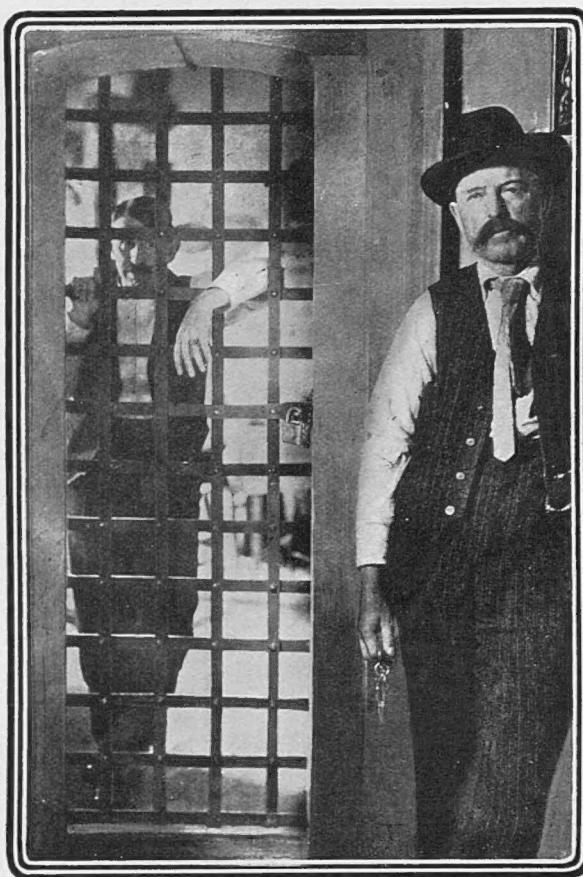
lady in a military great-coat, they also wished to wear them, and the borders of the football-field were soon lined by dames and demoiselles in military attire.

Some martinet, considering it wrong that Uncle Sam's uniform should be worn by people who had no right to wear it, ordered the cadets to retrieve their great-coats. This act of severity offended one lady, the wife of an officer on foreign service and the mother of a cadet, immensely, and she, both by word of mouth and by letter, told the authorities of the college what she thought of them. Her husband, returning from foreign service, backed his wife up in all she had said, and added some more remarks on his own account. The authorities, who were to a great extent powerless in face of the lady's attack, and could only retaliate by refusing to admit her to the college or its grounds, have joined battle with the husband, and a court-martial seems likely to be the result. Since the days of our celebrated "pickles" court-martial, no great military case has ever had its rise from smaller cause.

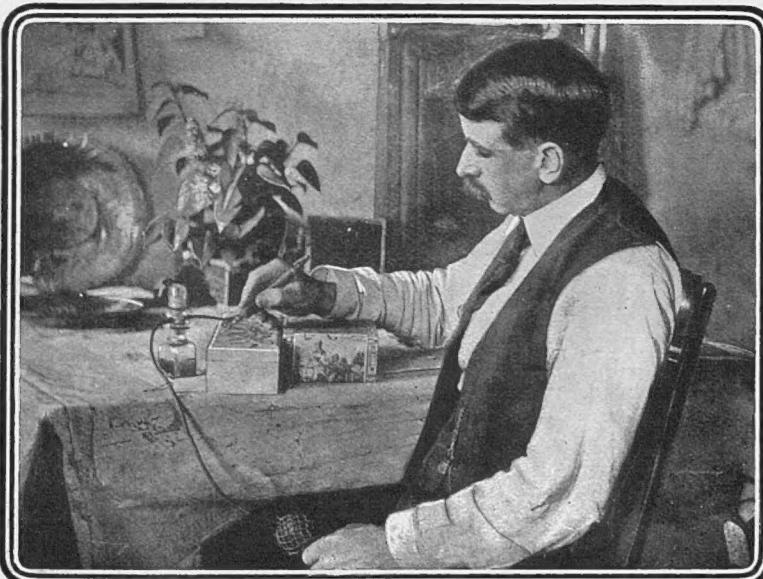
Mr. Roosevelt has always time to put a stick into a hornet's-nest, however small that nest may be. He has now turned and rent the writers who tell wonderful tales of animal life without knowing much about animals. The President is a

mighty hunter, and it annoys him that the youth of the United States should be told that if a wolf bites a deer in the breast the deer dies, or that a lynx fights harder than any other beast on earth.

How the President can find time to read books for babies is a wonder to all men; but, having done so, he is determined that the rising generation shall not be deceived as to the effects of a wolf's bite or the fighting powers of a lynx. The writers of the books, led by a clergyman who was castigated by name, have all brought their pens down to "the charge," and are making matters very warm for the President. They say that though Mr. Roosevelt goes out hunting once a year and kills a hecatomb of wild animals, he is not entitled to consider himself an authority on the habits of those wild beasts while alive. Now it remains for each side to prove its words.



THE MURDER-AT-A-PRICE TRIAL: CHARLES H. MOYER, AN ALLEGED INSTIGATOR OF THE MURDER OF GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG, AT HIS CELL DOOR.



THE MURDER-AT-A-PRICE TRIAL: GEORGE A. PETTIBONE, ONE OF THE ALLEGED CONSPIRATORS, ENGAGED IN HIS HOBBY OF PYROGRAPHY IN HIS CELL IN THE ADA COUNTY GAOL.

The trial of William D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg in December 1905, began at Boise, Idaho, on June 4. Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were all members of the Federation, and are all accused of aiding and abetting in the murder. It was declared that the Inner Circle of the Federation "gathered about them a few choice spirits, with murder for their trade and assassination as their means of livelihood. They had even a scale of wages, fixing the price of different crimes."

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE FLORENTINE WHO CLAIMS £40,000,000, MONEY LENT TO THE FIRST THREE KING EDWARDS: THE MARCHESE VICENZO PERUZZI.

The Marchese is head of the ancient Florentine family of Peruzzi, who claim that the English Royal Family owe them £40,000,000, representing money lent to the first three King Edwards and interest on that money. The first loan, some £2,400,000, was advanced to Edward I. in 1300.

graceful painter of his day. The Duchess's tall, svelte figure lends itself admirably to the various vagaries of fashion; and her dark hair, flawless complexion, and small features enable her to wear many brilliant tints and much magnificent lace and embroidery which would overwhelm a less striking-looking woman. At last week's great wedding—that of Lord Guernsey and Miss Gladys Fellowes—the Duchess wore a wonderful flame-coloured chiffon frock embroidered in the same tint, and one of the large black picture-hats which she was one of the first to make popular. This was fastened with ruby-headed pins. Her Grace possesses many wonderful jewels, including historic French pieces: her

Half a Truth. The Baronetage having been under scrutiny of late, somebody will surely cast a seeing eye, in this and other countries. And army and naval decorations will come in for similar scrutiny. A Member of Parliament once went through America without meeting a man of note who was not a Colonel; until one happy day he did come across an exception—and he was a Major. America is not the only place for the spurious military decoration. At the Battle of Custoza a brave young Italian patriot met a beaten troop in full flight, headed by its commanding officer. He remonstrated with this man, who made some violent retort. Thereupon the young hero drew his sabre and slashed him across the face. But the coward with the tell-tale cut was decorated for that very mark, as for a wound received before the enemy.

SMALL TALK

The Simple Life.

After Sir Frederick Treves's hint, we may all prepare to take the things the gods provide and treat the chemist with contumely. The dogs may again monopolise the physic. After all, this direction to the simple life

is but an echo of that which the goodmen and true advised our fathers. Sir Richard Jebb used to suggest very much the same sort of regimen as that which Sir Frederick favours.

A PRETTY CANADIAN DÉBUTANTE: MISS BRENDA TAYLOR, DAUGHTER OF MR. FREDERICK TAYLOR, WHO WAS PRESENTED AT THE LAST COURT.

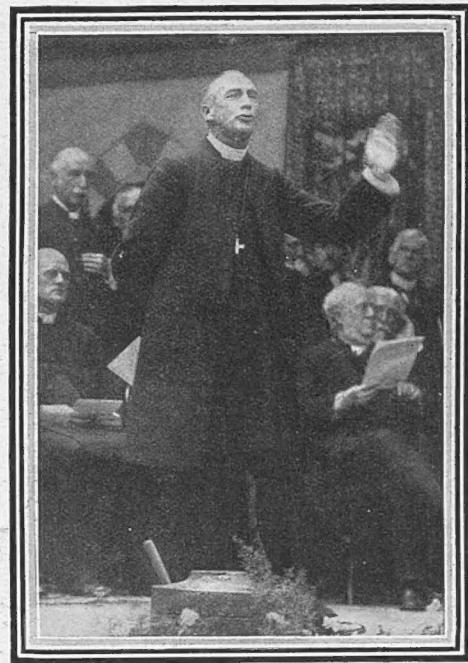
On her mother's side, Miss Taylor is one of the United Empire Loyalist family of Henshaw, whose ancestors, faithful to the British Crown, sacrificed their great possessions in the United States and moved to Canada at the end of the Revolution. Mr. Frederick Taylor is the manager of the Bank of Montreal in London.

Photograph by Bassano.

"Tell me," said a notable man to him one day, "how I must live—what I may eat and what I may not." Sir Richard was brief and emphatic. "Here are my directions," he said, "You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are not easy of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but eat anything else you please." And that, after all, is about as sane advice as any but the faddists give to-day. There is another of the King's doctors who says practically the same thing. "Eat what you will, but not too much of anything. Don't glutonise," he

said. He could not improve upon the dictum, no matter how many three-figure fees he were paid.

The Paris Cock-Pit. Cock-fighting has become the mode in Paris. It is not a public sport, if sport it can be called, but is confined to the higher grades of Society. The fashionable world is invited to witness a main between two unfortunate birds; surrounding the cock-pit is an elegant circle, men and women in evening dress. The protagonists are armed with steel spurs, and, with beak and backward thrust of heel, they manage to do an infinity of damage to each other. The other day a splendid bird, worth a thousand pounds, was slain by just a common, vulgar cock. The latter drove his spur into the adversary's aristocratic head, and twenty-five thousand francs dwindled into dust. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is much moved by these exhibitions, and will do its best to stop them. One of the ideas is to institute a cock-crowing contest. It is argued that those who love the voice of the cock at early morning are not likely to countenance his death at the hands of a rival, to make sport for an idle evening.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON WAXING ELOQUENT: DR. WINNINGTON INGRAM OPENING THE "PALESTINE IN LONDON" EXHIBITION AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

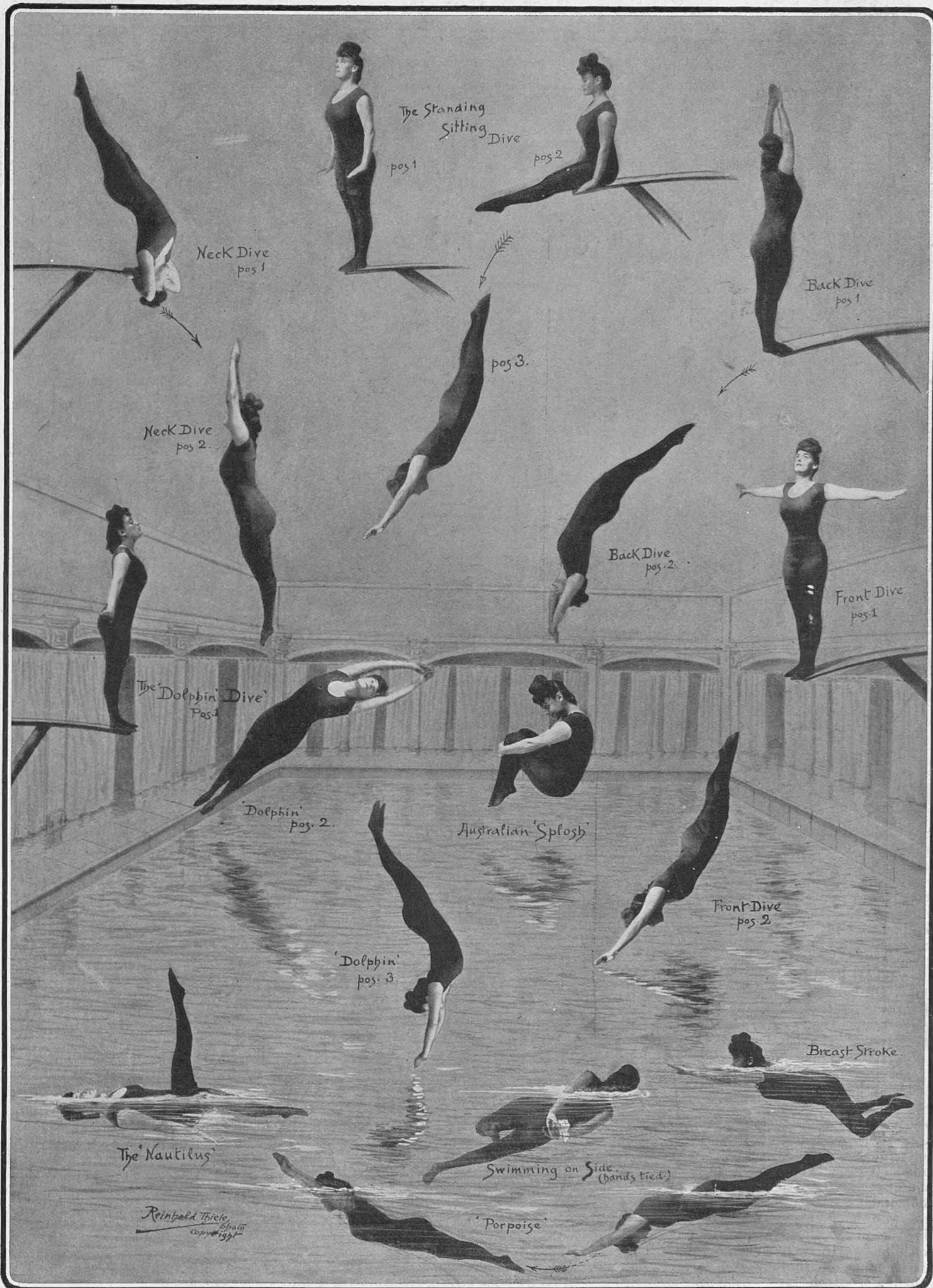


THE NATIVE OF JERUSALEM WHO ORIGINATED THE "PALESTINE IN LONDON" EXHIBITION: THE REV. S. SCHOR ADDRESSING THE MEETING.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE AUSTRALIAN SPLOSH, AND OTHER STRIKING DIVES.



MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN, THE FAMOUS SWIMMER, GIVES "THE SKETCH" A DEMONSTRATION OF HER ART, SHOWING HOW CERTAIN DIVES AND STROKES SHOULD BE PERFORMED.

Copyright Photographs by Reinhold Thiele.

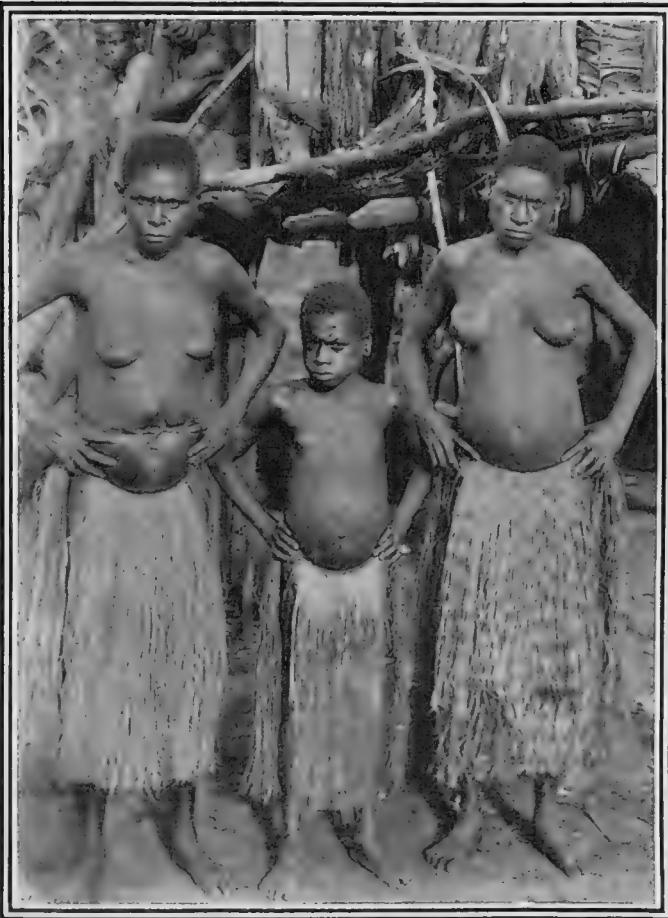
TWO-WOMAN POWER: THE SEE-SAW PUMP.



WHY HAVE MACHINERY? AN EXTRAORDINARY METHOD OF RAISING WATER
FOR A RADISH-FIELD IN BAVARIA.

Photograph by Kester.

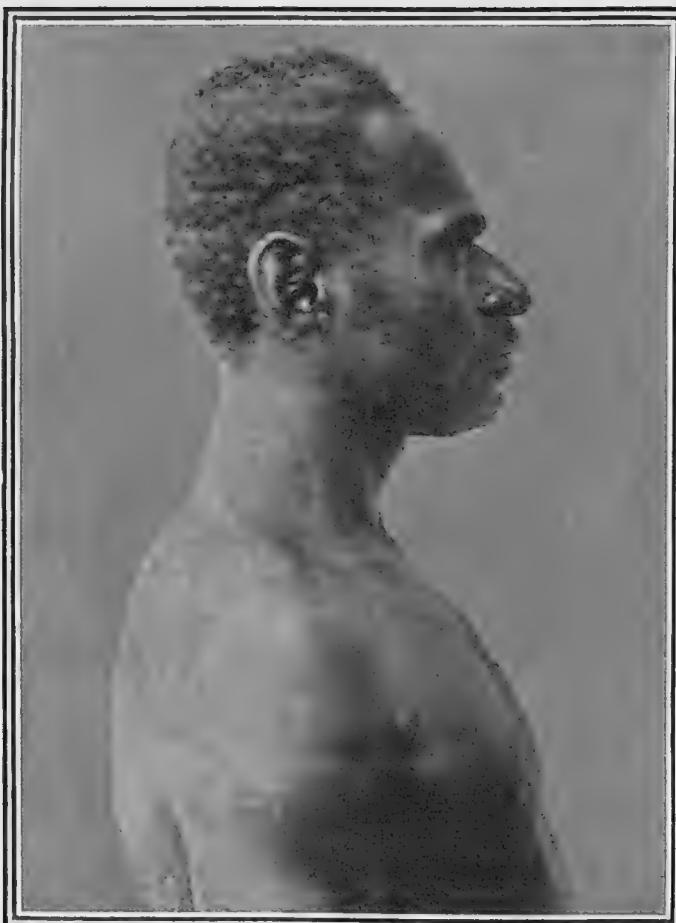
BLACK AND YELLOW JEWS: CHILDREN OF ISRAEL
IN NEW GUINEA, JAPAN, AND CHINA?



BLACK JEWS, DISCOVERED ON THE ISLAND OF KIWAI, NEW GUINEA.



A JAPANESE WOMAN OF A PRONOUNCED JEWISH TYPE.



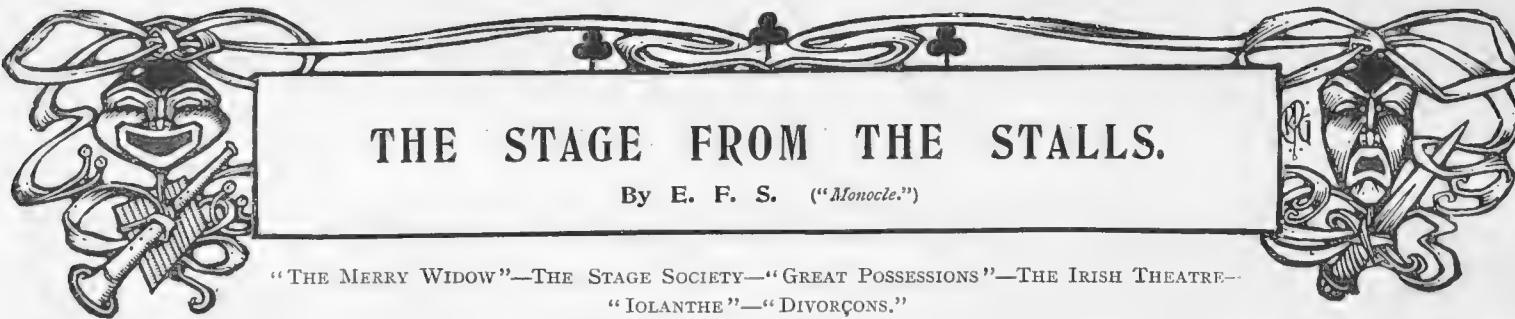
A BLACK JEW, DISCOVERED ON THE ISLAND OF KIWAI,
NEW GUINEA.



A CHINESE JEW, PHOTOGRAPHED AT KAIFENGFU, THE ANCIENT
CAPITAL OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM.

Mr. Oliver Bainbridge has traced Jewish characteristics in natives of New Guinea, China, and Japan, and we here give some photographs of the types he has met during his journeys. "The Hebrew Standard," of Australia, writing of a lecture by Mr. Bainbridge, says: "The facts which Mr. Bainbridge in his brilliant lecture brought forward were more than a guess that the Semitic cast of features and the comparatively high state of intellectuality in the isolated sections of the Fly River were Jewish—are such that his researches may make him the man to lead us to discoveries of remarkable interest to students of antiquarian possibilities and anthropology in particular."

Photographs by Oliver Bainbridge.



DALY'S Theatre seems to have secured a big success, and Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow," ought to be a happy man; his waltzes are going to make most of us miserable, for we shall hear them daily and nightly. Playgoers will be wise if they listen to the pretty music under the most favourable circumstances and before they have grown to hate it. Certainly, if less original than much music that has been offered of late in light or comic opera and musical comedy, it is pleasing work, and deserved rather better singing than it got. Miss Lily Elsie, by her charming performance, has "gone up one," and Mr. Joseph Coyne's unusual comic method is probably more agreeable than would have been the sincerely sentimental effort of the average tenor, though he certainly over-emphasises the comic aspect. Mr. Graves and Mr. Berry were funny, and it is to be hoped that they will not "work up" their parts too much. Mr. Evett's singing was useful, but his

act, was richly humorous as the "slavey," and the German waiter was a very clever piece of acting by Mr. Jules Shaw.

It is difficult to see why Mr. Martin Harvey produced "Great Possessions." The character of the rich young man who was very sorrowful when told that, in order to reach the Eternal Life, he must distribute his goods among the poor, gave him little chance of distinction, and he did not make much of it. Moreover, the play is dull. It may be—indeed, is—a quite earnest, respectful treatment of its semi-Biblical subject, but the style is turgid, the character-drawing crude, and the persons are uninteresting. Some able acting was given by Miss Sheldon and Messrs. Glenney, C. J. Cameron, A. E. Raynor, Vincent Sternroyd, and P. Hewland.

The most interesting event of the Irish season at the Great Queen Street Theatre has been the production of "The Playboy of the Western World," which raised a storm in Dublin. Certainly, if Mr. J. M. Synge's

"THE MERRY WIDOW" DISPUTE: MR. EDWARD MORTON, WHO HAS STATED THAT HE IS THE AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF "DIE LUSTIGE WITWE," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Russell.

acting is a little curious. "The Merry Widow" is one of the most agreeable entertainments of the Edwardes' reign at Daly's.

The Stage Society produced two plays, each coming close to success, and both marred by needless length. Wedekind's one-act piece, "Der Kammersänger," presented a bitter comic picture of the opera tenor and the inconvenient side of the worship of him, and if cut and represented with more colour it would divert everyone. Mr. L'Estrange and Miss Collier never forgot that they were Britons, and this was unfortunate, seeing that he represented a foreign tenor, and she a rich sentimental German bourgeoisie. Perhaps the same complaint must be made of Mr. Edmund Gwenn in his otherwise very able picture of a disappointed old musician, and of Miss Irene Clarke, who played cleverly as an amorous girl of sixteen. Mr. McEvoy's comedy, "David Ballard," has a vivid, almost brilliant setting, in a cruel comic study of middle lower-class people, for a rather puzzling story about a young man who tried to be a poet, failed, and then became a successful commercial clerk and married an amiable girl. So far as David was concerned, despite able acting by Mr. Milton Rosmer and Miss Dorothy Minto, and a rather charming love scene, the play towards the end was tiresome—sharp cutting would benefit it. The family—with a very fine study of the mother, admirably played by Miss Clare Greet; a striking picture of the vulgar brother, capably acted by Mr. Norman Page; a strong, rather exaggerated drawing of the shrewish sister, presented very ably by Miss Revell; and a pathetic figure in the father, rendered delicately by Mr. E. Gurney—is of great artistic value. Moreover, Miss Sydney Fairbrother, in the second

"THE MERRY WIDOW" DISPUTE: CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD, WHO HAS STATED THAT HE IS THE AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF "DIE LUSTIGE WITWE," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by R. Haines.

curious little play was ever meant to be a serious study of Irish manners the nation has cause for complaint, since we should be supposed to believe that Irish women delight in the murder of husbands and fathers with humorous callousness. It is really difficult to believe that Mr. Synge suggests anything of the kind, and the play may be accepted as an unusually entertaining and original little farce, quite unlike other farces owing to the extraordinary quality of its humour and the picturesque and fascinating imagery of its dialogue. The things that the characters are saying all the time are absolutely delightful; and delightful, too, is the brogue with which they are said by Mr. W. G. Fay, Mr. F. J. Fay, Miss Sara Allgood, and Miss Maire O'Neill.

At the Savoy the last of the present revivals has now seen the light. It is wonderful how little the political situation has changed since "Iolanthe" was written: all the references to the House of Lords and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill ("that annual blister") read as if they were written yesterday, and the Suffragist agitation has added point to the scenes in Palace Yard. That the music is almost as fresh and charming as ever is not so surprising: it will be long before Sullivan has ceased to be joy, and "Iolanthe" is an admirable specimen of his genius.

The new adaptation of "Divorçons" is little more than a translation of a chastened version, and with the naughtiness much of the fun disappears. Still, some capital comic scenes and situations are left. There is a curiously complete failure in mounting and acting to suggest the foreign atmosphere. Miss Grace George played rather cleverly as Cyprienne, and was fairly well supported.



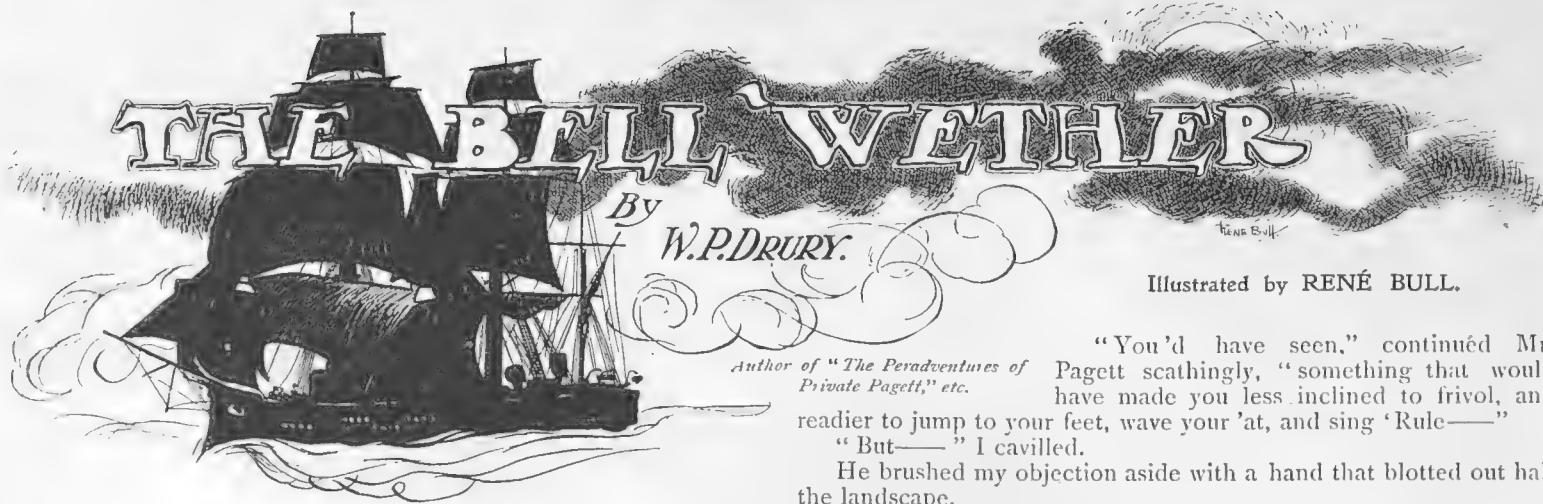
THE DEVIL ACCORDING TO BERNARD SHAW: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS THE DEVIL IN "DON JUAN IN HELL," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE COURT.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.



THE SHORT-SIGHTED CURATE (as the bull charges): It's strange. I can't see who's bowling, but I'll bet a couple of sermons I can hear the Vicar's steps.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARS IN THE HEADING.—[Photo, by Russell and Sons.]



Illustrated by RENÉ BULL.

Author of "The Peradventures of Private Pagett," etc.

"You'd have seen," continued Mr. Pagett scathingly, "something that would have made you less inclined to frivol, and readier to jump to your feet, wave your 'at, and sing 'Rule—"

"But—" I cavilled.

He brushed my objection aside with a hand that blotted out half the landscape.

"You'd have seen," he reiterated, "p'r'aps the beautifullest sight in the world—a British man-o'-war onder easy sail in the full moonlight o' the tropics. She was one o' the famous 'C' class corvettes, the *Chrysanthemum*, fourteen guns, two thousand three 'undred tons, two thousand indicated 'orse-power, and was commanded by Capt'in the Honnorable Chewder, a direct ancestor o' Queen Elizabeth."

"Of —? Oh, 'Tudor,'" I suggested.

"I said so," he retorted.

"But," I objected, "Queen Elizabeth had no an—descendants, that is. She was never married."

"Then she ought to have been," said Mr. Pagett severely. "If she had, she wouldn't have institooted a silly bounty for the encouragement of singlets—triplets. I *should* say," he added.

He stopped to relight his pipe, while I pondered this cryptic slander of the Virgin Queen.

"You're confusing her with Queen Anne," I laughed, "though even *her* famous Bounty was scarcely founded for the domestic purpose you suggest! You're thinking of another—"

"I am," he interrupted gloomily, throwing away the match. "I'm thinkin' of Capt'in the Honnorable Chewder and his dishonnable methods ('eccentric' his admirers called them) of administ'ring the Naval Discipline Act. You've eard of the pore seaman with the dirty 'ammick?"

I shook my head.

"He made 'im dip it overboard, lash it to a boarding-pike, and march up an' down the quarter-deck with it for an hour, like a bloomin' subawltern orficer carryin' the regimental colour!"

"I see no hardship in that," I commented. "I've carried the colour myself a score of times."

Mr. Pagett eyed me witheringly over his pipebowl.

"When it was wringin' wet, and bellyin' out in 'alf a gale o' wind?" he queried.

I explained that in bad weather the colours were always furled within a waterproof case.

"Then, maybe if they 'adn't been," he rejoined, "you wouldn't talk so glib out o' the back o' your neck, Mister. And the colours are made of silk, mind; an ammick of crool 'eavy canvas. Before he'd done 'alf of his sentry-go, that pore matlo was shiftin' the pike from arm to arm at every other step; and when he'd finished, he'd got a wale on each shoulder big enough to swaller a baby Jonah. Then there's my own case—'but I must not foreticipate, dear reader,' as they say in the *Family' Erald*.

"The sort of night I'm tellin' you of, though onremarkable enough near the Line, would make the fortune of tripper steam-boats in the Channel. Talk of moonlight on the Solent! Why, it's candleshine on a pewter plate compared with the golden nights one has at sea between Capricorn and the Equator. The ship, under plain sail and with yards squared, was dawdling along on a perfec'ly even keel at a speed of three knots and an onion; yet, day an' night, she always seemed to be the centre-point of the great disc o' polished steel the chart calls Pacific Ocean. For weeks on end, with no more than the top of an occasional cocoanut-tree to cheer us, we'd been backin' and fillin' in search of castaways, till we'd become pore castaways ourselves; and, what was worse, for days an' nights to come we were likely to remain so. If those

[Continued overleaf.]

"WHAT bell is that?" I interrupted.

Stretched upon the sunburnt grass, in the shade of a granite boulder on Yes Tor, I had nodded through ten minutes of lotus afternoon and an illuminating address by Mr. Pagett on one Camel-Bellamy. But, beneath my implied acquiescence in the impeachment of the miscalled Premier, I had been sensible of the erratic ringing of a seemingly distant bell; and my sub-consciousness was busy with surmise as to which of the scattered moorland churches was calling, and whether the ringer was drunk.

The landlord of the Coach and Horses (an ex-Private of Marines) having noted the direction of the wind, scornfully expectorated to leeward.

"Of course," he retorted, "if you sympathise with sleep-comferably-at-'ome politicians as accuse British soldiers of barbarous—I'll learn the swab to come baain' and tinklin' 'ere when *I'm talkin'!*"

I turned just in time to see a clod of earth from a practised hand shatter itself upon an exceedingly foolish countenance that was peering at us round the edge of the boulder. An instant later, and before a bombardment of well-directed missiles, the outraged wether was blundering down the gorse-encumbered slope, a furious tocsin pealing from the bell which had drawn forth my ill-timed question.

"I'm sorry," I laughed, "that he should be made a scapessheep for my sins."

"Well, then, you may take it from me, he ain't. He 'appened to 'mind me"—Mr. Pagett snorted resentfully—"of a certain 'umiliatin' passage in a gallant and otherways onblemished career."

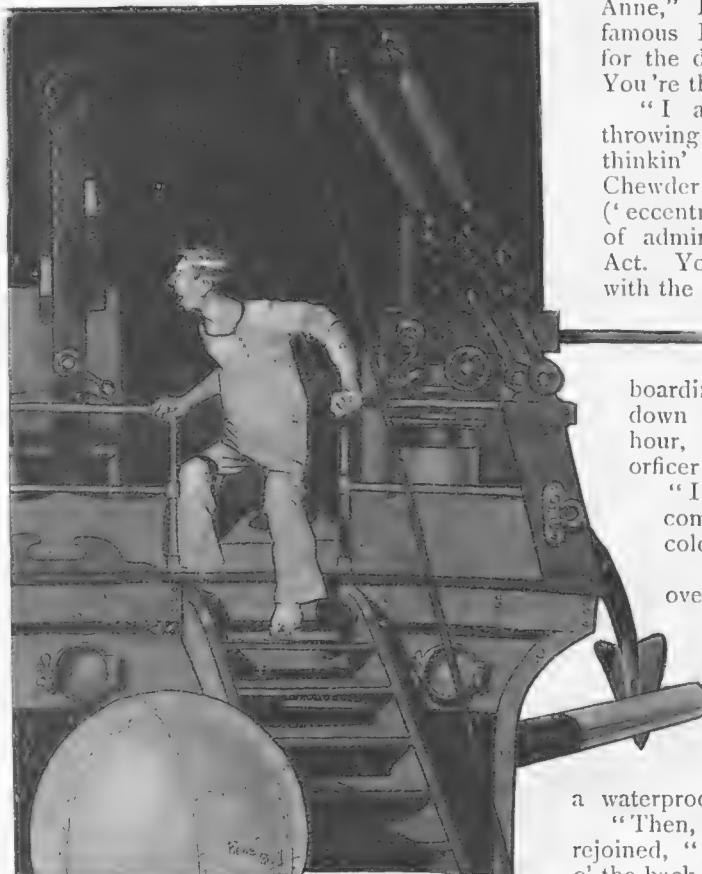
"Whose?" I inquired.

"Me," he replied, with that originality of style which differentiates the artist from the mere precian.

I followed the ritual appointed for the occasion. I poured the libation from the silver-topped flask into the silver cup, I prepared the fragrant burnt-offering, and in due season the idol of a hundred rustic worshippers signified his readiness to speak. A bewildered bee that had lost its bearings hummed nervously about the granite. Down the hillside a mid-summer lamb, old enough to know better, was bleating for its mother (who was patently ashamed of her offspring). A distant meeting of cows had proposed, seconded, and was now unanimously passing a resolution in favour of early milking. And the angry tocsin of the bell-wether had sunk to a fairy tinkle in the valley. Like a street-piano heard from a cathedral during evensong, the strident voice of the ex-private broke in upon the music of the moorland.

"Take a chart o' the world," he began "(Mr. bloomin' Mercator sells the best), run the foreingers of your two 'ands along longitood hundred an' ten west and latitood ten south respectfully, and you'll find that they'll meet at a point in the Southern Pacific where there ain't no land within at least a thousand miles o' you. If you'd been smokin' a pipe in that lonesome spot, same as what you are now" (I was sitting cross-legged upon the turf) "one moonlit night in Februberry month, eighteen 'undred an'—I mis-remember the exact year—you'd have seen—"

"My past sins rise before me in a flash. They always do," I pleaded, "when one's drowning."



"A bell, right ahead, Sir! I sings out."



THE ENDLESS TASK: SEEKING TO REDUCE HIS HANDICAP.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE, WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARS IN THE HEADING.

'owling dervishes at Westminster 'ad been with us that cruise, there 'd have been some sense in their parrot-cry, 'Back to the bloomin' land !'

" But though the night was 'eavenly in the open, it was the other adjective between the steel sides and bulk'eads of the corvette. The mess deck, where the 'ammicks were slung, was like a bake-ouse without the pleasant smell of the bread ; and for once I felt that maggot in the brain which causes cranks and other gentlefolk to sleep with their bedroom windows open.

" At four bells in the middle watch (alias two hay em in the mornin') I could stick it no longer ; so, slipping out of my 'ammick, I went up on to the t'gallant fo'c'sle for a breath of air. The moon, dipped 'alf-way to the 'orizon, was right astern, and the shadow of the sails fell like an inky stain upon the bowsprit, and overflowed on to the sea quite 'alf the ship's length ahead. The night was as still as death. The stoke'old fires had been out for some days, so there wasn't even the churnin' of the screw to break the silence. The watch below were sweatin' in their 'ammicks, the watch on deck lyin' doggo between the six-inch guns. As far as I could see, the two cat-head lookouts were noddin'. too, and the orficer o' the watch, struttin' the distant poop, 'minded me of a clockwork toy, as he crossed and recrossed the golden causeway on the sea behind him. In the middle o' that shiverin' loneliness it was 'ard to believe that some four 'undred 'uman souls were asleep within biscuit's-throw o' me.

" I'd just set my foot on the top rung o' the port ladder with the intention of returnin' below, when the first ripple of an ocean swell, lifting the ship by the starboard quarter, caused her to give a gentle corkscrew roll as if she'd twisted in her sleep. The next instant I caught a faint, far-off sound that set my gallant 'eart a-pit-a-patting same as a maiden's when she hears a wedding chime.

" 'A bell, right ahead, Sir !' I sings out, in a voice that split the silence like a archangel's.

" The orficer o' the watch came to an 'alt at the poop-rail with a click, as if he'd run down.

" 'An 'ow much ?' he bawls.

" 'A be—he—hell, bell,' I repeats, 'somewhere in the offing, and dead on our present course.'

" The heads of the two look-outs popped up simontaneous from the shadow like a couple o' Jack-in-the-boxes; the watch between the guns sat bolt upright like children scared in their sleep ; and the sentry on the lifebuoy right astern stopped dead against the moon-track, his 'and to his starboard year'ole. He 'minded me, I recollect, of a ebony statue labelled 'Echo' (only it was a lady) that I'd once seen in a shop window in Portsmouth.

" 'Get down below, you owl,' snaps the lootenant on the poop to me, after three minutes o' paralysin' silence ; 'go and finish your bloomin' nightmare in your 'ammick !'

" The words was 'ardly clear of his mouth before the ship again heaved up her quarter, and from out o' the ocean ahead of us came the dim but unmistakable stroke of a bell. The men between the guns stood up, and began to whisper in groups.

" 'Castaways on a reef—or raft, maybe,' I 'eard one say. 'They've managed to save the ship's bell, and are ringin' it to attrac' attention.'

" 'Lucky for them us adjective *Chrysanthemums* don't sleep with cotton-wool in our years,' says another.

" 'Lucky for them,' laughs a third, 'and about as lucky, I reckon, for the *Flowerin' 'Mums*—which was our garden-catalogue tally in the Pacific Squadron.'

" 'Ow lucky for us ?' asks a young Ordinary.

" 'If you'd been a few months longer out of infants' school, my lad,' says the other, 'you'd savvy that we couldn't carry on Noah's Arkin' round the Pacific till Judgment Day with a second

ship's comp'ny aboard. It'll mean steam for ten knots and lay a course for 'Onolulu, Valparaiso, or some similar low 'aunt of pleasure !'

" 'Oo reported it first ?' asks a petty orficer.

" 'Someone,' I says, smilin' down at them on the fo'c'sle, 'as is always on the look out to serve his brother creatures, and to—'

" 'Silence, for'ard !' 'owls the orficer o' the watch peremp'ory, and in the ensooin' obedience we all hear the bell again.

" From the way the men 'ad returned my sad smile I knew I was the most pop'lar man on deck ; and when at the next ding-dong the lootenant left the poop and came on to the t'gallant fo'c'sle, I blushed to 'ear the things he said of me to the two pore look-outs on the cat'eads.

" 'You useless, play-acting sailors,' he concloods, 'all you're fit for at sea is to chew biscuit for the sick ! No wonder the Kayser 'opes to lick us,' he says, 'when British seamen, like the Gover'ment, go to sleep on watch ! If it 'adn't been for this seagoin' Napoleon 'ere,' he says, laying a kind 'and on my shoulder, 'if it 'adn't been for this military masterpiece, as seems to be in every place at once, those pore derelic' bell-ringers yonder would soon have 'eard Bugler Gabriel soundin' off 'Defaulters' ! Up to the cross-trees with you,' he says ; 'and if your eyes ain't sharper than your years—'

" We watched the two barefooted matloes patter along the netting-cloths and sag up the fore-rigging, hangin' like spiders from a cornice as they went over the futtock-shrouds. For a moment they were lost in the top. Then we saw them again, a size smaller, racin' up the foretopmast ratlines ; till at last they stood right above us, hugging the tarry backstay, and foreshortened into mere bundles o' clothes amongst the bloomin' planets.

" But though the moon was behind them, though the night seemed turned into day, though the bell rang clear and distinc' several times while they were aloft, they couldn't discover not so much as a jet'soned cask upon the ocean to report to the ruffled orficer. So presently they were ordered down again.

" By this time word had been passed along the lower deck and flats, and—singly at first, then by pairs an' groups—the ship's comp'ny in their night-clothing came whisp'ring up the 'atchways on to the fo'c'sle and waist. After each stroke o' the bell (some said it was a silver one) a awestruck silence would fall on the listenin' crowd. For, in spite o' Board Schools an' trainin'-ships,

you'll find on lonesome nights at sea that sailors still believe in soopernat'ral 'ankypanks ; and between whiles dismal yarns began to be bandied about—of 'aunted latitoids where ships mysteriously founder, of warnings from ghostly guns a hundred fathoms deep, of bugle-calls an' pipings in the sky, and of bloomin' bells that 'erald sure disaster.

" Even the orficers had been drawn from their bunks by the news ; and if Adm'ral Pompo could have seen them, as they lined the poop-rail in their baggy pyjammer soots, that famous seagoin' tailor would 'ave 'ad a bloomin' stroke. Every soul fore and aft the ship (with one exception) was on deck ; and the exception was the most important soul of all—to wit, namely, the Honnerable Chewder.

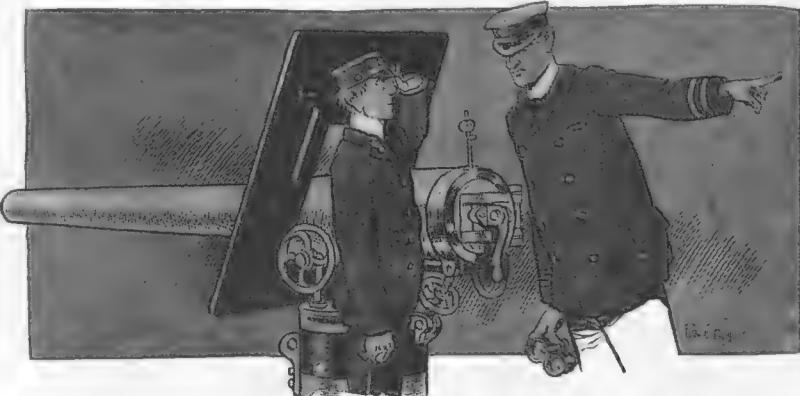
" It's astonishin' what strides that there noo science o' teleparty is makin'. The thought had no sooner occurred to me that it was

about time to knock the Skipper up, than it seemed to strike another active brain simontaneous.

" 'Midshipman o' the watch !' sings out the lootenant. 'Jump down below and tell the Capt'in from me there's a muffin-bell ringin' ahead o' the ship, and I can't see no bloomin' baker.'

" This message, slightly adapted by the midshipman to meet the Skipper's deplorable lack of humour, was duly delivered ; and a moment or two later the ancestor o' Queen Elizabeth came out from his cabin under the poop, and strutted through the lane made for

[Continued overleaf.]



"Jump down below and tell the Capt'in from me there's a muffin-bell ringin' ahead o' the ship."



"I give him an abrazier on his starboard eyebrow."



SHE: I suppose you never play your real, hard game with girls?

HE: I simply daren't.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARS IN THE HEADING.—[Photo. by R. Johnson.]

him by his barefooted subjc's. The first question he asked, on reachin' the t'gallant fo'c'sle, was the name o' the man who'd first 'eard and reported the pore castaways' signal.

"One o' the Marines, I b'lieve, Sir," says the orficer o' the watch, listenin' for the bell.

"Ain't he got a tally," 'owls Chewder, "same as what me and you 'ave?"

"Yes, Sir," I puts in gently, pourin' oil on the troubled fire, "and it is Number two thousand seven 'undred an' forty nine (Plymouth) Private Joseph Pagett."

"In an instant the istoric Chewder scowl 'ad vanished, and in its stead grew the grin of pleasure I'd seen on more than one post-capt'in's face at the mention of igh merit coupled with the name o' Pagett.

"I wish I'd 'ad a bet on it," he says, "for something seemed to tell me it was 'im. If everyone else at sea would likewise keep his mouth open—I mean his eyes—no, damme, I mean his years!" shouts Chewder, beginnin' to get angry, "more derelic' crews would be saved in the night-time than what are. Mr Winkworth!"

"Yes, Sir," answers the lootenant o' Marines from the poop.

"I think there's a vacancy for corpril in our detachment, ain't there?"

"No, Sir," says the subawltern too truthful by 'alf.

"Damme!" bawls back Chewder, "when I suggest a thing, 'ave the goodness not to contradic' me flat before the 'ole ship's comp'ny! I'll fill up that vacancy to-morrow," he says. "Bring this credit to his Kung and kintry before me at seven bells, and I'll give him the rate of none-commissioned orficer."

"At this public reco'ni'tion of their idol's merit a murmur of approval went round the upper deck, which discipline alone prevented from breakin' into ringin' cheers. But, gratifyin' as this unanimous vote o' confidence was to the bloomin' idol, it was discounted, in a manner o' speaking, by the thoughtful smile I noticed for the first time on the face of Mr. 'Am, the Carpenter. He was a pale, clean-shaven, effemine-lookin' man, with bleached eyebrows, a beaky nose, and long scarlet-runner 'air; and even in the tropics (to show 'ow genteel he was) he always wore a high linen collar, that the heat soon redooed to a crinkly clout. He was too big a gentleman to touch a tool hisself; and I 'eartily agreed with the Chaplin' when I over'card him say on one occasion that Mr. 'Am ' minded him of an Elizabethan worthless."

"Elizabethan worthy," I murmured.

"He ' minded me," growled Mr. Pagett, ignoring the suggestion, "of an underdone namesake in its paper frill. I'd got the better of him once, when he'd run me in for alleged neglect of dooty while on sentry; and orficers—least of all warrant or petty orficers—never forgive pore privates who weather them on the quarterdeck. But to resoom. A moment later, unnoticed by the majority, he'd slipped along the bowsprit and taken his 'orrid grin with him out on to the jibboom end."

"There's the bell again, Sir!" exclaims the orficer of the watch.

"I ain't deaf," snaps Chewder, cockin' his 'ead on one side. "Judgin' by the speed o' the ship and the distance o' the sound, we should over'aul them pore castaways o' Pagett's early in the mornin' watch."

"They're over'auled already, Sir, in a manner o' speakin'," sings out the Carpenter triumphant, from the jibboom end. The next moment we see him cakewalkin' back along the bowsprit, smirkin' like a ballet-girl, and clutchin' something that glistened in the moonlight with his disengaged 'and.

"Some o' my crew," he explains simply, on regaining the

t'gallant fo'c'sle, "were workin' on the jibboom in the afternoon watch. One o' them (he'll be talked to in the mornin' for his carelessness) left this marlingspike be'ind. It was hangin' from the jibboom by a lanyard, and when the ship started to roll, it kep' swingin' against a eye-bolt on the dolphin-striker. So that's the bloomin' end," he says to the ship's comp'ny, "of Corpril Pagett's pore castaways an' their bell."

"In the deadly stillness that ensooed, I could feel that everyone was unjustly accusing me of shatterin' their dreams of 'Onolulu and suchlike 'aunts of pleasure, and when Chewder at last broke the silence, I liked his purrin' voice even less than what I had the thoughtful smile of the Carpenter.

"Mr. 'Am," he says, "ave the goodness," he says, "to send one of your mates down to my pantry to unship the spring bell from the bulk'ead." (It was before the days of electric fittin's.) "For the future," he says, "when I want my stoard, I'll 'oller for him."

"It was extr'ordin'y how quick the carpenter's mate was back on the t'gallant fo'c'sle with that cursed bell. It turned out afterwards he had a native wife in 'Onolulu.

"Sergeant-Major," orders the Skipper, the purr gone out of his voice, "make that bell fast by its spring between this pantomime private's shoulders. If he's seen outside of his 'annick without it for the next week," he roars "or if he so much as raises his little finger to stop its merry music, I'll give him fourteen days' cells—the first and last three on low diet. I'll learn you," he says to me, going down the fo'c'sle ladder, "I'll learn you to know the bloomin' difference between a marlin-spoke and a bell!"

"Think of it, Mister! Me—the landlord of the igh-class Coach an' 'Orses! Me—the Vicar's warden and respected parish councillor! Me—a bell-jinglin' Merry Andrew, the shriekin' delight of a whole ship's comp'ny! If I crep' about on tiptoe I tinkled like a old maid's cat; if I sat down sudden it sounded like a run-away

peal; and once, when I 'appened to sneeze, you'd have thought it was a lady's doctor called up for an urgent case. It struck those grown-up children who man our fleet in another way; and they never seemed to grow tired of friskin' and baain' after me on all fours as if I was a bloomin' ——"

Mr. Pagett glanced resentfully towards a spot in the valley beneath us.

"I understand," I murmured sympathetically.

"I treated their jack-acting with the dignified forbearance intellec' should always show to ignorance. Besides, there were four 'undred of 'em. But there are limits even to intellec's like mine; and when the butcher—a fat, undersized little swab—began feelin' my ribs, I give him an abrazier on his starboard eyebrow that took a whole fortnight and a pound of his best beefsteak to redooce. It was the mornin' after this countertemp that I 'ove the bloomin' bell overboard."

"But the Captain!" I cried aghast.

Mr. Pagett thoughtfully knocked the ashes from his pipe, and rose to his feet.

"The Honnerable Chewder," he explained, "was shut up in his after-cabin, a sentry on the door, and under the observation of the doctors."

"Mad?" I whispered.

"There was one man as thought so," he grinned, "and that was Mr. 'Am, the Carpenter. Chewder 'appened to see him coming along the quarterdeck, a puddle o' rain-water lyin' right athwart his course. The next moment he'd whipped off his gold-laced coat with a flourish, and spread it over the puddle at the Carpenter's 'orrid feet!"

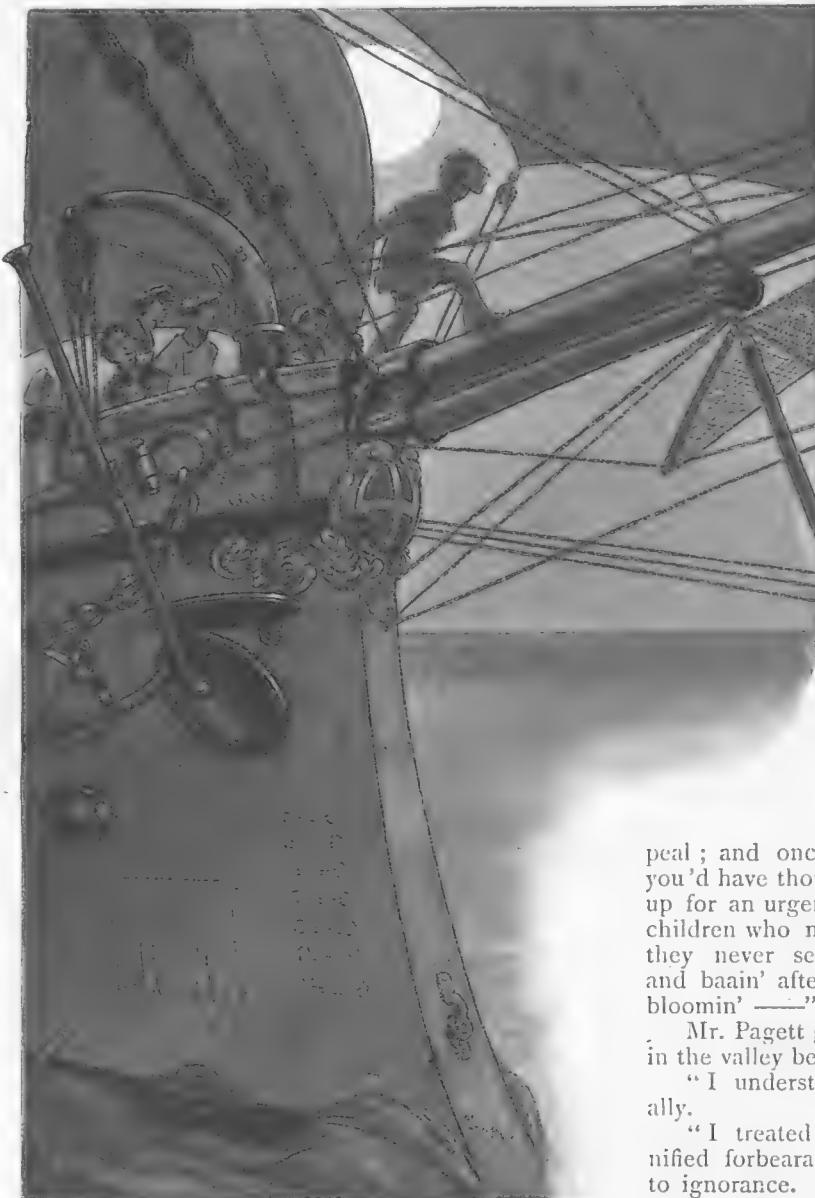
"What on earth —?" I began.

"I told you his friends called him eccentric," interrupted Mr. Pagett. "He explained to the First Lootenant that Mr. 'Am was the recarna—the reincar —"

"Reincarnation?" I suggested.

"You've got it. The reincarnation of Queen Elizabeth!"

THE END.

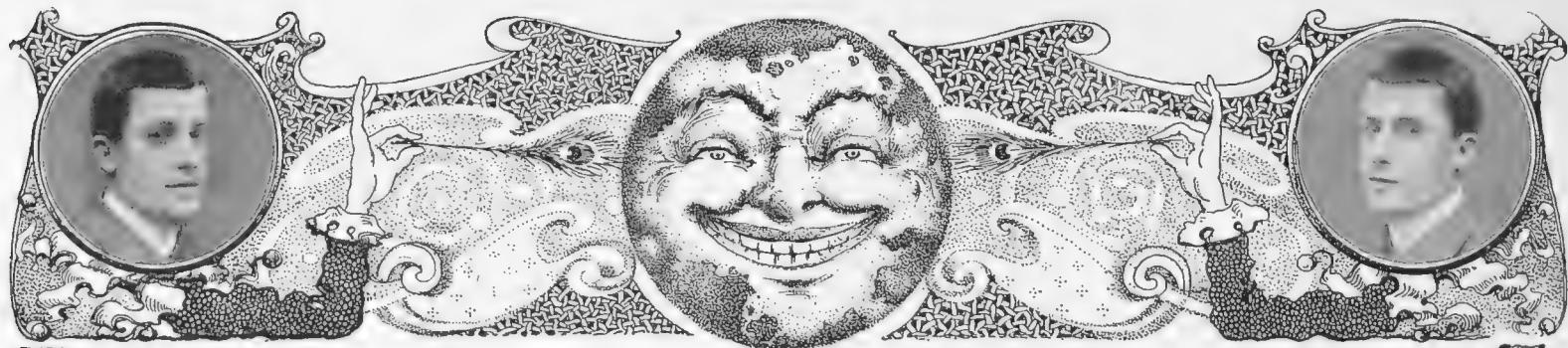


"He'd slipped along the bowsprit and taken his 'orrid grin with him out on to the jibboom end."



THE BITTER BITE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON, WHOSE PORTRAIT APPEARS IN THE HEADING.—[Photo, by A. P. Monger.]



THE FRIEND (*to erratic driver, who has lost his way*) : We'd better go straight on, I think. We must have been up that road before.

THE ERRATIC DRIVER : What makes you think that?

THE FRIEND : Those men up there. They look as if they're burying something.

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"THE BEST-DRESSED AMERICAN DUCHESS"



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH (FORMERLY MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT).

It has been said that her Grace is the best-dressed American Duchess, and there are, indeed, very many people who hold the opinion.

(See "Small Talk.") Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street.



OKOTO SAN

BY CARLTON DAWE.

Author of "Her Highness's Secretary," "Claudia Pole," "The Prime Minister," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

HE did not know her name, but he called her O Koto San, or the August Miss Harp, for when he first saw her she was tinkling that quaint native instrument, and O Koto San she remained to him ever afterwards. It happened some time ago, before the new Japanese dreamt of throwing down the gage to the Western world, before the White Man condescended to shatter the halo which encircled his head.

The road wound between interminable paddy-fields, and he who had walked long had begun to curse inwardly the heat and the dust. Here and there he saw a ramshackle hut, the moss-covered thatch of which seemed to be rotting away with the neglect of years; now and again he passed a poorly clad labourer who, stepping aside into the gutter, bowed politely and gave him the honourable time of the day. And he never forgot to salute gravely. In his own country, far away in the southern seas, people were not so polite: but then they had different ideas of their own importance.

His objective was a Shinto temple, which crowned a wooded hill to the westward, a fine example, as he knew, of grotesque architecture. Years ago he had come this way, and he was now paying a farewell visit to old scenes before leaving the country. He was not an amateur photographer, but he possessed a certain facility in the use of the pencil, and he wished to fill a leaf of his sketch-book with a view of the old temple. But the rarefied atmosphere showed the hill in deceptive proximity, and by the time he reached the winding path which led up to the great *torii* the sun was already streaming in his face.

Half-way up the path he sat himself on a step in the shade of the huge pillars, and, discarding his hat, allowed the soft breeze to play over his face and through his hair. Below him stretched a green waste of rice-fields, and beyond that again the glimmering expanse of the sea. Here and there the roof of a cottage broke the wide monotony; a curl of blue smoke corkscrewed its way into the bluer air. No sound was there of man or beast or bird; it was as though a hushed silence had descended upon the land.

Fatigued, he sat inhaling the pure air, his limbs aching languorously, his eyes wandering dreamily over the solemn landscape, when of a sudden the soft note of a stringed instrument struck his ear. He started and listened, now thoroughly wide awake. Strum, strum,

strum, it rose and fell, filling the air with a throbbing sense of incompleteness. He half started to his feet, and then sank back again, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of breaking the spell.

From somewhere above him the music came—from the clouds, it seemed. It was as though some wandering *tennin*, or angel, had alighted for a moment on the hill to let the *bokushi*, the priests, know that the gods still lived. He strained his eyes, but could catch no shimmer of wings or robes: he pictured the kind of angel quite clearly, and yet, child-like, strove to cheat the mind with make-believe.

In a sobbing murmur the music died, and he waited anxiously for the new note. It was delightful to sit there tired, lazy, watching the sea through the shimmering haze which rose from the rice-fields, and dream all kinds of impossible dreams. Even the click of the *kirigi-risu*, the grasshopper, as it alighted on the stones disturbed the continuity of thought: the pigeons whirling homeward to roost in the eaves of the temple stole something of the dreamy light from the sky.

But in the meantime the music had ceased, and though he waited anxiously, it was not repeated. Yet, keen as he was to discover its origin, he, knowing it would come again, forebore to move for fear of dissipating the charm. Tense, his spirit vibrating with inarticulate sound, he gazed into the air as though he would discover the impalpable substance of his dream.

Yet it seemed an interminable period that supervened after that last note, and presently he found himself watching the grasshopper with peculiar

intensity. Was this the spirit of the music? Quaint conceit, which caused him to smile quaintly. And yet it pleased him. The queer-looking insect reminded him of his own country. He had seen myriads of such sweep like a plague across the sun-dried slopes, but he had never thought of them in this way. In a moment he was back—back across innumerable leagues of sea, and out of the shrubbery behind him stole a breath of the wattle.

He started, passing a quick hand across his eyes. The music was throbbing again. He listened, listened intently, and presently the notes of the instrument were supplemented by those of a human voice. It was a low, dirge-like wail, which made him shiver and see ghosts. Ordinarily he was no admirer of native music, vocal or



Allowed the soft breeze to play over his face.

instrumental, but in some indefinable manner this weird melody seemed to suit the place and the occasion. It was not that the voice was rich, the melody entralling; on the contrary, the one was feeble, almost childish; the other was quite unmelodious to Western ears, and yet it held the listener as in a spell.

In a low wail it died away, and instinctively he rose to his feet. Disturbed by his movement the grasshopper skipped off with a loud click.

A few yards above him the path wound out of sight behind a clump of shrubbery. From somewhere behind this bend the music had come. There, perhaps, the musician still sat and dreamed. He wondered, mounting slowly and with extremest care, for he knew that any rude intrusion would scare the singing-bird.

Rounding the bend, he saw that the path assumed steeper proportions, the wide steps being worn by the feet of countless pilgrims. Up these he mounted slowly, softly, scarcely daring to breathe, and presently he found himself gazing from behind a pillar at a quaint little figure in blue, which sat cross-legged on a stone bench, the *koto* upon her knees. She neither saw nor heard him, but, with eyes fixed straight before her, seemed to be vaguely looking across the world. Now and again the sun, stealing through the overhanging leaves, found his way into her eyes and lit them strangely, or played like a lover with the wonderful masses of her dark hair, or kissed the little mouth that was pouting red with life.

Imperceptibly, unconsciously, he drew nearer, until his presence seemed to cross her vision, and with a little cry she shuffled quickly to her feet, struggling pathetically to slip into her sandals. He duly marked her symptoms of alarm, and promptly endeavoured to allay them.

"Pardon me if I disturb your honourable meditations," he said.

His address seemed but to increase her timidity. She flushed and paled alternately, and then flung a supplicating glance towards him. He bowed with solemn dignity.

"Once more ten thousand pardons," he continued in a low voice. "I heard a strange bird sing sweetly a moment ago, and coming in search of it, behold! I find a woman. Tell me, O Koto San, did I dream, or who has caused this magic?"

"Nay, Most Honourable," she answered, "it was no bird."

"Then an angel surely, for who but one of the most favoured of the High-August-Producing-Wondrous-Deity could be gifted with so rare a flow of melody?"

Though his address pleased, it failed to allay her terror. She looked anxiously up and down the path as if expecting succour, as though uncertain whether to remain or run. And yet the temerity of the one thought was balanced by the impoliteness of the other, and the natural woman was never averse from romantic adventure.

"Surely," he said, "the gods must have inspired your lips to such sweet sounds?"

But she could not allow his Honourable Augustness to grope in darkness, and so she explained that it was a chant taught her by the priests of the temple.

"So," he muttered, watching her closely, "and what make you in the temple, O Koto San?"

"I dance," she said. He remembered that in some of the Shinto temples virgins trod the sacred measure on great occasions. And this was one of the elect! He removed his hat and bowed low.

"Greeting," he said. "My first thought was the true one. It was an angel who sang."

But she would not admit it. "No, Excellency, no—the daughter of Mohri the rice-grower."

"Mohri the father of sweet singers—the rhythm of the full ear as it bends to the south wind; the song of the rice-field as it bows before the sun. Thou hast all this, O Koto San—this and the beauty of woman."

Her fear had now vanished utterly, and in its place there rioted a sense of curiosity unfulfilled. This was an *I-jin San*, an august foreigner, one of the strange race of wanderers from the West, and she had never spoken to one before. Timidly at first and then

frankly, her eyes were turned on him, and she marvelled at his colossal stature, and his fair face with its wide grey eyes. How strange those eyes, how full and how unfathomable! Never had she seen such eyes, except in her dreams, when she wandered with the gods in the deep blue of heaven. Of the heavens surely were such eyes made?

"O Koto San," he said, "I have a little skill with the pencil. Will you sit to me?"

"Will it please your honourable condescension?"

"It will please my honourable condescension amazingly," he replied with a grave bow. "Sit as I first saw you," he said, "and lay the *koto* across your knees—so! Oh, admirable! You were dreaming, O Koto San?" he whispered. "Your eyes saw far, far beyond the temple and the land; they were not bounded by the sea nor by the sky. Give me that look that I may dream of greatness."

His words were unintelligible, his eyes frightened her.

"Nay, honourable, I do not understand."

"But thou shalt," he answered, "O dancer before the gods!"

He drew his sketch-book from his

pocket and set to work. No word was spoken between them. Here and there a grasshopper clicked, a pigeon cooed; the sinking sun bathed her in radiance.

He worked on, on, but the result did not satisfy him, and presently he closed the book with a frown.

"As well try to depict a thought as the soul in your eyes," he said.

"I am sorry, Excellency," she began.

"Nay," he answered; "it is I who fail to realise the inspiration of the gods."

But she was a woman, too, and must needs see her pictorial presentment. He smiled as she held out her hand. Of course. What an idiot!

Long and seriously she studied it. There was much amazement in her eyes as she turned to him.

"It is marvellous!" she gasped; "wonderful! beautiful!"

"But neither so wonderful nor so beautiful as the original. Would you like it, O Koto San?"

"Excellency!"

Her face beamed with anticipation. He tore out the sheet and gave it to her.



Long and seriously she studied it.

"In exchange for another sitting," he said.

She did not answer, being too deeply engrossed in contemplating the sketch; but he knew that she would sit again.

"I came to view the temple, O Koto San," he presently explained; "will you guide me through the sacred precincts?"

"Excellency, ten thousand pardons. I abase myself before your High Augustness."

Hand in hand they mounted the steep path together, he carrying

the ungainly instrument, she chatting by his side. Of many things she spoke —simple, child-like things, that amused by their mere ingenuousness. Now it was of her father the rice-grower, now of her brother who had gone for a soldier. Rice-growing suddenly became the most important of occupations; the soldier was a hero with pathetic eyes.

Before the portico of the temple they stood and watched the sun steal through the sky —*O-tento-sama*, the life-giver, the god of the ages.

"So," he murmured, "he sinks in glory,

He drew his sketch-book from his pocket and set to work.

the eye of the August Centre of Heaven; but to-morrow he will rise, 'O Koto San.'

"Even so, my Lord, shining like a god from his bath in the ocean."

"And if to-morrow I come, will O Koto San be here to gladden my eyes?"

Again she answered, "Even so." In her eyes were the fire and the bright purity of *O-tento-sama*. This that he asked was nothing. Why should she not be there?

"Then to-morrow I will come," he said, "and you shall give me another sitting, and in the meantime I will pray for power to catch your soul."

She gazed at him bewildered, but only for a moment. Then she smiled; nothing much mattered since he would come again.

"But, Excellency, the temple."

"This is the most wonderful of temples," he answered, and waved his hand across the valley, which shimmered in blue and gold.

"Yes," she said; "the gods are pleased to-day."

He wondered.

She was sweetly fragile, delicately tender, and in the old temple yonder she performed the sacred dance. What made he here, and why had he promised to come again? The trust in her eyes shamed him and stung his inmost conscience. He turned from her with a quick movement; he would go, but he would not return.

"Excellency!"

Her protesting voice arrested him. There was dismay, a terror in her glance.

"O Koto San," he said solemnly, "it were better that I went. Do you understand me, little one?"

She shook her head and smiled.

"I understand that the sun will rise to-morrow," she answered.

"Perhaps to set in the storm-clouds."

"But the storms pass, and with them passes the night."

"Always?"

"Always, Excellency."

But he would have no secret corners in this suddenly unimagined house of his.

"The storms do not always pass," he said. "Sometimes they blur the *hakaba* [graveyard] with tears."

She shuddered, creeping closer to him.

"It is as the gods will," she whispered.

He caught her hand and kissed it. The action frightened her, and she drew back, freeing herself from his grasp. But, instantly regretting her impoliteness, she held out both hands to him. He crushed them together and pressed them to his lips.

"I will come to-morrow," he said, "to catch the soul in your eyes."

She did not answer. Perhaps the soul was already captive.

That night her sleep was full of strange dreamings, and she awoke from her bed to see the sun, radiantly bright, leap from his bath in the ocean. And she was happy, because in her dreaming she thought that he was drowned in the sea, and that the dragon of the typhoons had beaten him to oblivion. And she laughed, as the brave will laugh at dreams, even while she shuddered.

That day she sat for him again: day succeeded day and still he came, and though she knew it not he shone as the light of her world. If he were late vague possibilities of darkness threatened her; but immersed in sunshine she failed entirely to realise the grip of the night.

And yet the night must surely come. This he knew, though he had not the courage to proclaim it. He was a fool, and worse; yet having passed the gates of paradise he could not help but linger.

One day he found her not at the accustomed tryst. He called her name softly, gently, a smile on his lips. She was hiding somewhere in the shrubbery, and presently he would hear her laugh among the leaves. So, the more to humour her, he assumed a great anxiety as he beat the shrubbery here and there, calling upon her in the most imploring accents to come forth. But presently his anxiety grew real, for having searched the bushes he failed to find her. Then a sudden sensation of dread warned him that something serious had happened. He gazed about him bewildered, dreading he knew not what.

"O Koto San!" he called softly. "O Koto San—little one—where are you? Come to me, my life! I grow afraid." But his only answer was the wind sighing through the leaves, the cooing of the pigeons as they rested on the great *torii*.

Up the path he went—up, up, his brain ringing confusedly, his heart palpitating with apprehension. Beneath the portico he met a priest—one whom he already knew.

"Have you seen her—O Koto San?" he cried.

"She is not here."

The priest's face was hard and graven like one of the forbidding images of the temple. He remembered it being almost pleasant in the glow of many *yen*.

"O Koto San is gone," he said, and he pointed down the pathway.

"Gone?"

He waved his hand across the valley. "That is the way of the Most Honourable."

"By that you mean—"

"That your High Augustness will see O Koto San no more. She is ours, and the gods have claimed her."

It seemed as though his heart was suddenly plunged in an icy stream.

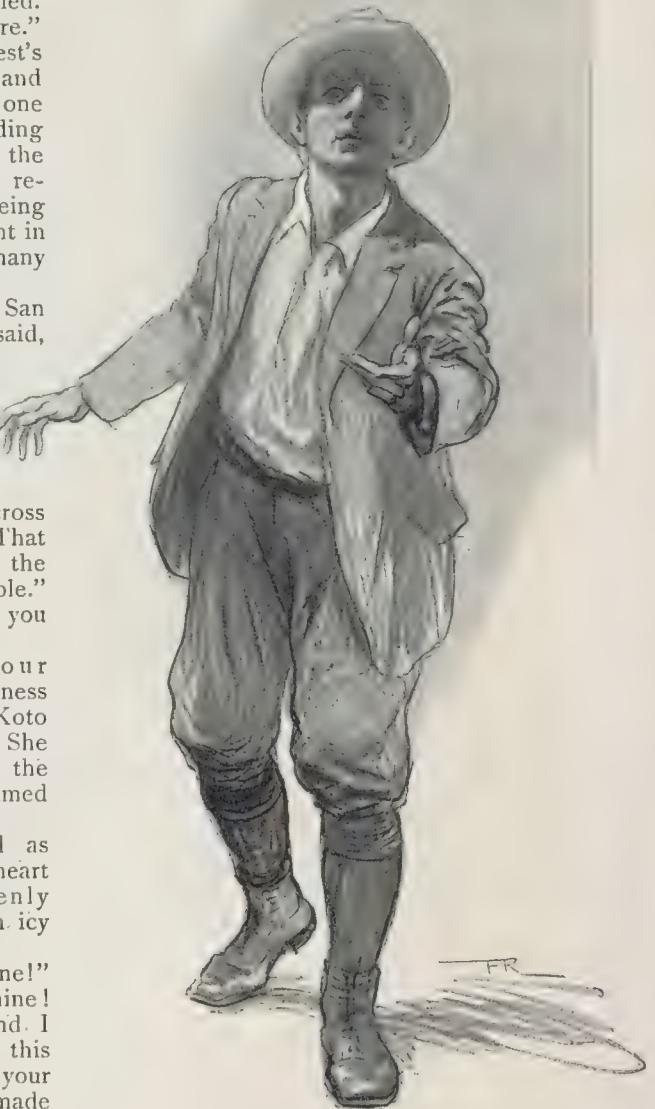
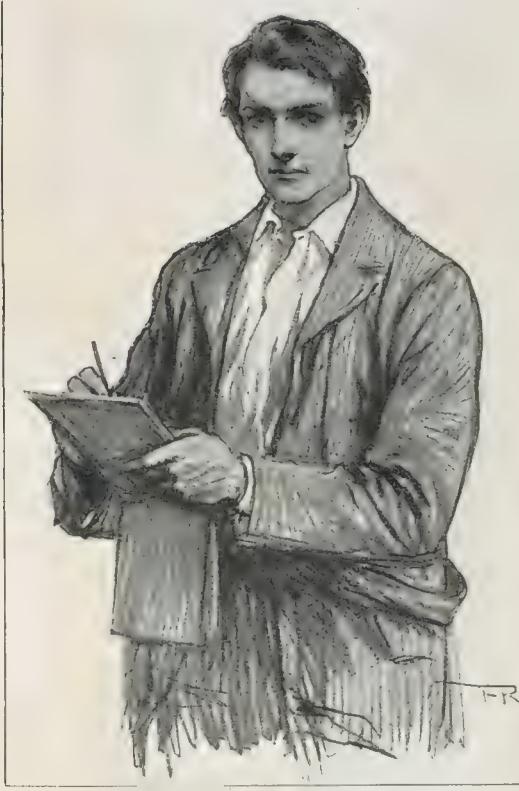
"She is mine!" he cried, "mine! Harm her and I will bring this temple about your ears." He made as if to pass, but the priest intercepted him.

"Excellency," he said, "it is forbidden that you should enter here. Go, or the sin that ye two have committed may claim a double expiation."

"Ah!"

"She was—thou knowest what she was; she is—what we all shall be. So be it; but O Koto San shall tread no more the sacred measure, nor climb the pathway to the gods, nor see the sun shine, nor watch the roses bloom."

THE END.



"Have you seen her—O Koto San?"

⊕ ⊕ ⊕ 'Reath Summer Skies. ⊕ ⊕ ⊕



ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Gabrielle Ray by Foulsham and Banfield.

Art and Photography.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Zena Dare by Bassano.

Art and Photography.

THE CATCH.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Alexandra Carlisle by the Dover Street Studios.

* * * A Living Wedgwood. * * *



HECATE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Billie Burke by Bassano.

A Living Wedgwood.



IRIS.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Nina Sevening by the Dover Street Studios.

"The Sketch" Silver Points.

MORNING.

Photograph by Bassano.

“The Sketch” Silver Points.



EVENING.

Photograph by Bassano.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL BEYOND COMPARE"



Miss Marie Wilson.

Miss Cressie Leonard.

Miss Alice Russon.

Miss Nina Sevening.

Miss Sybil Arundale.

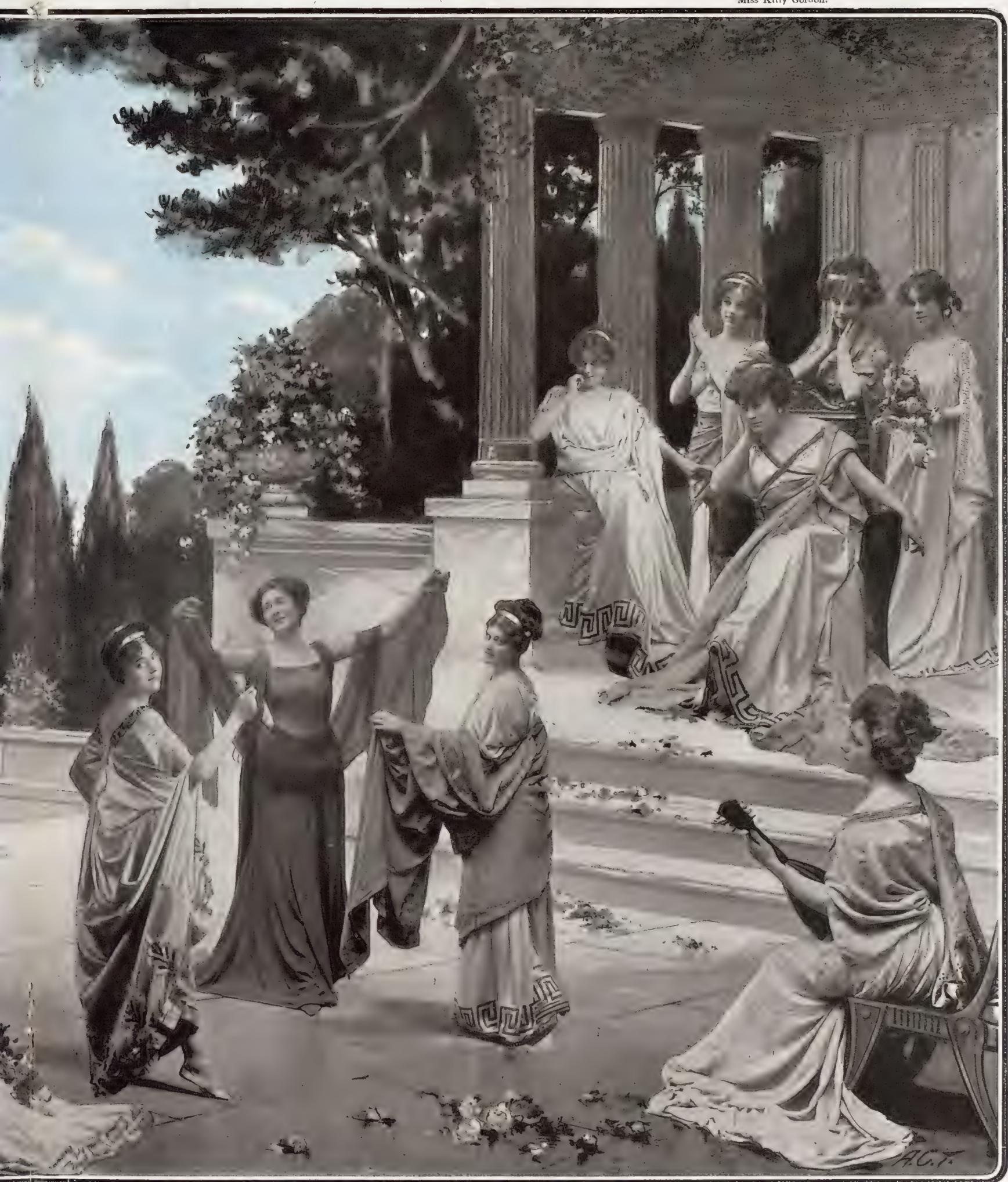
PARADISE: IN THE ACT

Setting by "The Sketch"; photographs specially taken

MPARE WILL PARADISE BE FOUND."

Miss Thelma Raye.

Miss Clive May. Miss Kitty Mason. Miss Jessie Rose.
Miss Kitty Gordon.



Miss Evie Greene.

Miss Miriam Clements.

Miss Jean AyIwin.

Miss Florence Warde.

E ACTRESSES' VALHALLA.

cially taken for "The Sketch" by the Dover Street Studios.

Art and Photography.

A SEA BREEZE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Florence Warde by the Dover Street Studios.

Art and Photography.

LOVE LOCKED OUT.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by Rita Martin.

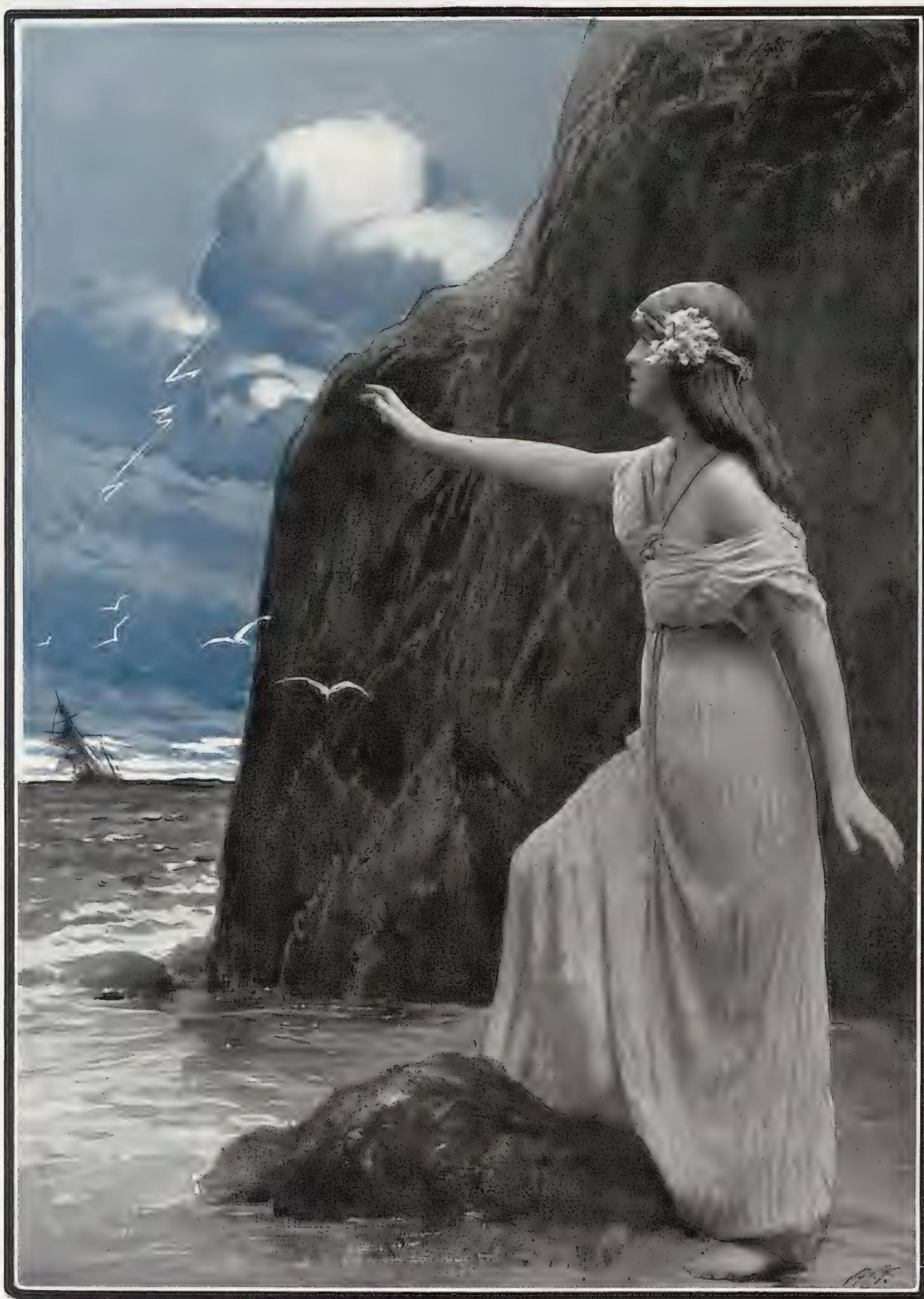
'Reath Summer Skies.



IN THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Marie Tempest by the Dover Street Studios.

⊕⊕⊕ 'Reath Summer Skies. ⊕⊕⊕



A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Alice Crawford by the Dover Street Studios.

Art and Photography.

THE BOLD BUCCANEER.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss de Vere by Bassano.

Art and Photography.

THE LURE OF THE NORTH POLE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Miss Lascelles by Bassano.

† † † 'Reath Summer Skies. † † †



IN THE MONTH OF ROSES.

Setting by "The Sketch": Photograph of Miss Evie Greene by the Dover Street Studios.



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

By FRANK RICHARDSON,

Author of "The Bayswater Miracle," "2835 Mayfair," etc.

Illustrated by
LAWSON WOOD.

I MUST say that I envied them both—both Crawshaw and Tarrington. But chiefly Crawshaw. Most people, indeed, would envy a man who at the age of forty was making his £5000 a year as a K.C. Obviously, Crawshaw was a man to be envied.

My reasons for envying Dr. Tarrington were scarcely so potent. He was a fat little man with a shiny bald head and a genial smile, a moderately successful general practitioner in the Kensington district. Compared with the brilliant K.C.'s position, the little doctor's did not count for much. Still, he possessed in his wife one of the most delightful women in London, a woman with more than womanly wit. Not pretty, but piquant, intelligent without being intellectual—the ideal wife for an ordinary man.

And Tarrington was such an ordinary man that it seemed almost incredible that he earned the money he did. Any man who gets more than his deserts in this world is entitled to be an object of envy.

We were sitting on the red-leather chairs in the smoking-room of the club. Tarrington's wife was out of town, Crawshaw's wife was ill, and I hadn't a wife at all; and therefore it was that we had dined at the club. We were drinking coffee and our brandy, and we were smoking Cortina Mora cigars. The after-dinner feeling was upon us. We didn't wish to spoil it by talking on what are called topics of interest. We were so contented with ourselves that no other topics were of interest to us.

In a sort of brown study, I gazed at Tarrington's shiny head. "I wonder how the dickens you have managed to make a success," I said, scarcely aware that I was speaking aloud.

"Eh, what's that?" he inquired, turning briskly upon me.

I explained.

"It has always seemed to me that a man owes his success or his failure in life to some particular trait in his character, to some virtue or to some vice."

Crawshaw interrupted: "A man owes success entirely to luck."

"And failure," I asked, "to ill-luck?"

"No," he answered, "most people are entitled to failure by their hereditary influence and by their habits. The majority of them are cut out for failure. Good fortune lifts a certain number of us out of the ruck. That is all."

"Good luck," I hazarded, "is a name we give to the success of other people. But, I say, Tarrington, you've done pretty well for yourself. What was the turning-point in your life? To which of your characteristics do you owe your success? Of course, Crawshaw owes his success entirely to his brazen effrontery, and to the fact that he discovered that brazen effrontery was more useful at the Bar than in any other profession."

Crawshaw laughed his fat, genial laugh, and sipped his brandy.

"You were born an ass," he said, "you are living an ass; and you will die an ass."

Then he turned to the Doctor, and in a tone that implied his curiosity to know how a person so slightly endowed with mental gifts could make a living, inquired—

"How did you get your start, Tarrington? You began somewhere in the country, didn't you?"

"You chaps don't really want to know?" asked the little man.

"For my part, I should love it of all things," I said.

"I rely," said the K.C. ponderously, "on your experience to provide a solution of the Unemployed problem."

"Waiter," ordered the Doctor, "another liqueur—three liqueurs of old brandy."

When the waiter had brought them, Tarrington, puffy and pompous, began.

"Of course, this is entirely between ourselves, you fellows. I have never told anybody about this, and perhaps I'm a fool to tell you."

"Don't worry on my behalf," I replied. "If it is dull, I shall forget it; if it is interesting, I shall not believe it."

Slowly he spoke.

"Directly I left the hospital I started in a very small way."

"No, no, no," I broke in. "I don't want to know the story of your life. I want to know the secret of your success. What is responsible for the fact that you, a man of very mediocre attainments, make a very decent income, possess a charming wife, and employ an excellent cook out of moneys made in a very much over-crowded profession?"

He thought for a moment, and then answered: "Drink."

"If you're going to be funny," exclaimed Crawshaw, "I'm off. You're not one of Nature's humorists."

"I mean what I say," replied the little man.

"But," I interposed, "you are always intensely temperate, you have only drunk two glasses of port after dinner."

He became peevish.

"If you don't want to listen, you needn't."

Somehow, it seemed to me that the man might be interesting, after all.

"Go on," I said.

"For heaven's sake," ordered the K.C., "let the Doctor tell his story in his own way."

Tarrington began again—

"I set up in a small way at Stoke-on-Tripham. It was such a small way that it was practically not a way at all. Do you know that for two years I didn't make a tenner? My governor lived a few miles out, and that's why I began in that infernal hole: one of these horrible North-country towns, all fog and smoke and black clothes and drunkenness on Sundays. My father made me a small allowance. Of course, I had enough to live on and all that; but I was bored to death; there was nothing to do. I got tired of waiting for patients who didn't come, who might never come. There was no society in the place. I am humble enough, in all conscience, but there was nobody in my own walk of life for me to associate with. The evenings were terrible. Simply to kill time I got into



As I paced along the wet pavements by the side of Mrs. Meddows, I felt that my walk was not a suitable walk for a medical man.

the habit of going round to the King William, and there I met one or two men of my own age—auctioneers, managers of factories, and so on. The saloon bar became my club, and I drank far more in my club than I needed to. Am I boring you?" he asked suddenly.

"Frankly, yes," I answered.

"Can't you keep quiet?" said the K.C. to me.

"I like being bored," I explained.

"Well, I don't," he answered; "so please keep quiet."

The Doctor continued—

"I never got actually drunk, but there were few nights on which I returned home without being what we used to call 'muzzy,' if you know what I mean."

"I have heard of such lamentable cases, but this condition of things is new to me," I replied.

"It happened that one of these auctioneers—Tatham, I think his name was—had a birthday, and he celebrated it with gin-punch." At the recollection of the gin-punch, it seemed that a suggestion of pallor overspread his rubicund countenance. "Gin-punch," he repeated, "is the worst stuff in the world. How much I had I don't know. But as luck would have it, I was sufficiently master of myself to understand that Mrs. Meddows, my housekeeper, was tapping me on the shoulder. Automatically, I seized my hat and umbrella and followed her into the street. It appeared that the Mayor, Mr. Cumberbatch, the richest man in the town, and quite the vulgarest and the stupidest, had suddenly been seized with an attack of some sort, and had sent for me. As I paced along the wet pavements by the side of Mrs. Meddows, I felt that my walk was not a suitable walk for a medical man. I was not so drunk as a lord, but I was far too drunk for a commoner. I felt that I was suffering from a curious aphasia. I could hear everything that Mrs. Meddows said; I could understand it. I could regret my cursed folly in being drunk at the moment that Fortune was knocking at my door. So long as I kept my attention fixed on the solution of the pedestrian question, I had no doubt that I should reach the Mayor's house. The Dutch

courage that comes of drink urged me to take the risk of going there rather than to my own house.

"When we reached the turning that led to Great Cowper Street, Mrs. Meddows bade me good-night. In a few minutes I found myself ringing at Mr. Cumberbatch's door. To this day my surroundings are fresh in my mind. There were two panels of stained glass in the door. There was a brass knocker with a lion's head. Silence reigned in the street, and the rain came pattering down. I, with only half, if, indeed, with half of my wits about me, was going to attend a patient whom I had never seen before, a patient whom I only knew to be a vulgar man and a rich man. I cursed myself for being drunk.

"A heavy, pasty-faced man-servant opened the door. He seemed to recognise me. 'Will you step into the library, Sir?' With great elaboration I placed my hat on the rack and my umbrella in the stand, and followed the man.

"In the library I found the Mayoress, whose face was white with anxiety. In the presence of that pretty, frightened little woman I felt myself a brute. Her husband's life was in my hands. I knew that only three months before old Cumberbatch, a widower, had married a second time. The delicate little figure before me was that of a girl scarcely more than eighteen. With a great effort I bowed to her. My fists were tightly clenched. I'm sure that I stood absolutely bolt upright. I knitted my brows and glared hard at her. From her expression of alarm, I fancied she considered that, even without seeing the patient, I had assumed the worst.

"'Oh,' she said, with her hands held out pleadingly towards me, 'he was taken ill at his club. At least, he came home, and I thought he was dying. I just managed to undress him. I sent round to our doctor, but he was away. It's a matter of life and death. For heaven's sake, go up at once, Doctor. I will show you

the way.' All this she said in a breath. She was a businesslike little woman. She glided gracefully to the door, and I followed. I followed her upstairs to the Mayor's bedroom. She opened the door. I entered. A nod, a spontaneous, meaningless nod of mine was interpreted as her dismissal, and she closed the door.

"By the light of a gas-jet half-turned on, I saw the face of the Mayor above the counterpane. It was a pallid, heavy face, from the cheeks of which sprang a set of coal-black whiskers, projecting over the sheets like book-markers. For an instant or two I stood fascinated by those whiskers; they were the blackest whiskers I had ever seen. It struck me as remarkable that I had never noticed them in the street. The Mayor was groaning heavily. No, he was not groaning. He was snoring. Then I lost all self-control, and dropped into an arm-chair limp as a rag. My hands fell by the sides of the chair, and I knew that I was contemplating my patient with glassy eyes that saw nothing but whiskers. The room began to swim round me. There were moments when I could not see my patient. There were again moments when the right whisker seemed to move across the face and change places with the left. There were moments when I could distinguish only one whisker.

"'Heavens!' I thought, 'suppose his wife were to return and find me motionless and incapable in this chair!' With a great effort I roused myself. For two or three seconds I felt that I was balancing my body on my hands. I succeeded in standing

erect. There was but one idea in my mind, and that was to fly silently from the house. Unsteadily I moved towards the door. I opened it without making any sound. If only I could get down those stairs, which seemed interminable, I would seize my hat and umbrella and get out into the night. Laboriously I descended, each step carefully taken. As I reached the hall I saw that the library door was open. In ten seconds, I estimated, I could reach the hat-rack. But she had heard me.

"'Oh, Doctor, it seemed like hours. You have only been up there a quarter of an hour . . . and it seemed like hours. Tell me, is there any danger?'

"My own view

was that I had only been up there three minutes. I shook my head.

"'Oh, thank you, thank you,' she exclaimed, and there were tears in her eyes.

"'Have you given him anything?'

"While plucking up courage to speak, to say something— heaven knows what I was going to say—I made some movement on my left wrist with my nervous right hand. She interpreted the movement.

"'Morphia?'

"I nodded.

"'Must you see him again to-night, Doctor?'

"I shook my head in negation.

"'Can I go and see him?'

"Again I shook my head.

"'You will come, first thing in the morning, to-morrow?'

"This time an affirmative nod.

"She held out her tiny hands to me. She took my right hand in hers, and her grateful little soul went out towards me. 'I believe you have saved his life.'

"I shrugged my shoulders, not as though there could be any doubt upon the point, but in a manner indicative of the fact that the saving of lives formed a regular part of my daily duties.

"I felt that this was the moment to go, and I moved deliberately towards the vestibule. With a slow, ponderous movement, such as is not unusual in the truly eminent, I took my hat and my umbrella. She opened the door for me. 'Good-night,' she said. 'Thank you, thank you, thank you.'

"I believe I bowed. The door closed. Overcome by the tension of the thing, I fell a huddled heap down the wet steps. How I picked myself up and how I got home I couldn't remember, even when I woke up the next morning. I woke up at half-past six,

[Continued overleaf.]



With a great effort I bowed to her. My fists were tightly clenched.

THE WIG MAKETH THE WOMAN :
CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES AS GIRLS.



1. MR. H. C. POLLITT. 2. MR. P. M. SANGER. 3. MR. C. B. SCOTT. 4. MR. H. C. POLLITT. 5. MR. W. F. MCQUADE. 6. MR. W. F. MCQUADE.

All the photographs here given show Cambridge undergraduates made up as women in order to take part in productions by the Footlights Club. In "The Honorary Degree," presented by the club the other day, there are no fewer than five women characters, and all were played by members of the University: Mr. W. F. McQuade appeared as Mrs. Fitz Hyphen-Smith; Mr. H. R. Overbury, as Peggy Melrose; Mr. P. M. Sanger, as Molly Everett; Mr. L. B. Tillard, as Eileen Marjoriebanks; and Mr. K. R. Gordon, as Irene Cholmondeley. "The Honorary Degree" is by H. Rottenburg, with music by J. W. Ivimey.

Photograph No. 6 by Mason and Basevi; all others by Scott and Wilkinson, Cambridge.

about my head a maze of horror. Little by little, the facts of the previous evening dawned on me to corroborate the conclusion to which I had naturally come. I was ruined. Blind drunk, I had gone to the house of my first patient—to the Mayor's house. I had sunk comatose into a chair. I had been able to do nothing for the



Overcome by the tension of the thing, I fell a huddled heap down the wet steps.

patient. I had not been able to speak to his wife. Mind you, my account of the interview with her on the staircase is gathered from what she has since told me. I only knew for a certainty that I was a hog—that I was ruined. The Mayor might be dead by now—there might be an inquest. I buried my head in the pillows. It took ten hours before Mrs. Meddows called me at 8.30—ten hours of purgatory. What was the good of shaving? Why shouldn't I commit suicide then and there?

“However, I shaved. It was something to do. I had no breakfast. But I managed to drink a couple of cups of tea. The columns of the *Yorkshire Post* swam before me. There was only one thing that I could see distinctly, and that was the beautiful face of little Mrs. Cumberbatch: the sweet, soft satin cheeks, and the troubled-blue eyes. I remember laughing—I suppose the sort of laugh that one would call a hollow laugh—as I thought that perhaps, owing to me, the old brute was now dead, and she was a rich widow. Then I went to the sideboard and drank half-a-tumbler of whisky. After that I felt better. But still useless, still hopeless. I was aroused from my torpor by Mrs. Meddows. She entered in great excitement. ‘Doctor, Doctor, the Mayor is in your consulting-room.’ So he was not dead. Thank God! But what was he coming to say? What was he coming to do? Had he brought a hatchet with him? I looked in the glass. There were red rims round my eyes. I was obviously the survivor of a wet night. I put my tie straight, squared my shoulders, and went to meet the Mayor. My hand was hot and flabby as I placed it on the door-handle.

“Mr. Cumberbatch stood by the mantelpiece facing me, a strong, burly North-countryman, looking pale—but alive, obviously alive. He moved a step towards me, and in the pompous manner of the ideal Mayor, held out his hand. His hand was hot and flabby. Although this was my room, he commanded me to sit down.

“‘Sit down, young man,’ he said.

“No man, especially a man who a few minutes before had deemed himself responsible for the death of a Mayor, can refuse a Mayor's invitation to be seated.

“‘You have done well, young man,’ he said; ‘very well.’

“I grinned vacantly. I didn't know whether he spoke sarcastically or sincerely. His next words reassured me.

“‘You are a tactful young man, and you will go far. You are quite sure that you said nothing to my wife?’

“‘Nothing,’ I replied.

“‘No; I'm quite sure,’ he answered, ‘you said nothing.’

“As I afterwards learned from her, we were

both right. I had said nothing, and he was quite sure I had said nothing.

“‘She says that you gave me morphia last night. Oh, you are a very tactful young man! She thinks that you saved my life last night. Oh, young man, you will rise to the top of the tree.’

“I could make neither head nor tail of his appreciation. However, I nodded.

“‘Was I *very* drunk, Doctor?’

“Then I saw daylight. It was with great difficulty that I restrained myself from shrieking with laughter.

“‘You were *very* drunk,’ I said, shaking my head, ‘*very, very* drunk.’

“He heaved a deep sigh of relief.

“‘Then I think I had a wonderfully narrow escape. I give you my word, Doctor, that I have no recollection of what happened after I got home from the club. My wife, my dear Nellie, tells me that I fainted. When I got up to my room she thought I was dying, and she just managed to get the clothes off me and put me into bed.’

“Very earnestly he spoke. ‘Oh, it would have been an awful thing if she, the daughter of a minister, very strictly brought up, knew that her husband, only three months after marriage, had come home drunk from the club.’ He became even more pale at the horror of the idea. ‘It would have been a terrible thing.’

“‘Yes, it would have been bad,’ I agreed.

“‘It would have broken her heart,’ he said, as though contradicting me; ‘I tell you it would have broken her heart. My first wife—who was very strictly brought up, too, though not the daughter of a minister—told me that I was ruining her life.’

“He seized me with both his hands. ‘You're a devilish good chap,’ he said—‘what wonderful tact!’ I admitted that I was possessed of wonderful tact, and by that admission showed, at any rate, a certain amount of it. He shook me with enthusiasm.

“‘By Jove!’ he cried, ‘it's a deuced lucky thing that Dr. Nicholson, my own man, was not at home. He's an infernal talker, and the whole thing would have been all over the town in a twinkling. But you are the tomb, aren't you? Swear to me that you are the tomb.’ I swore that I was the tomb; and I have been till now.”

The K.C. laughed.

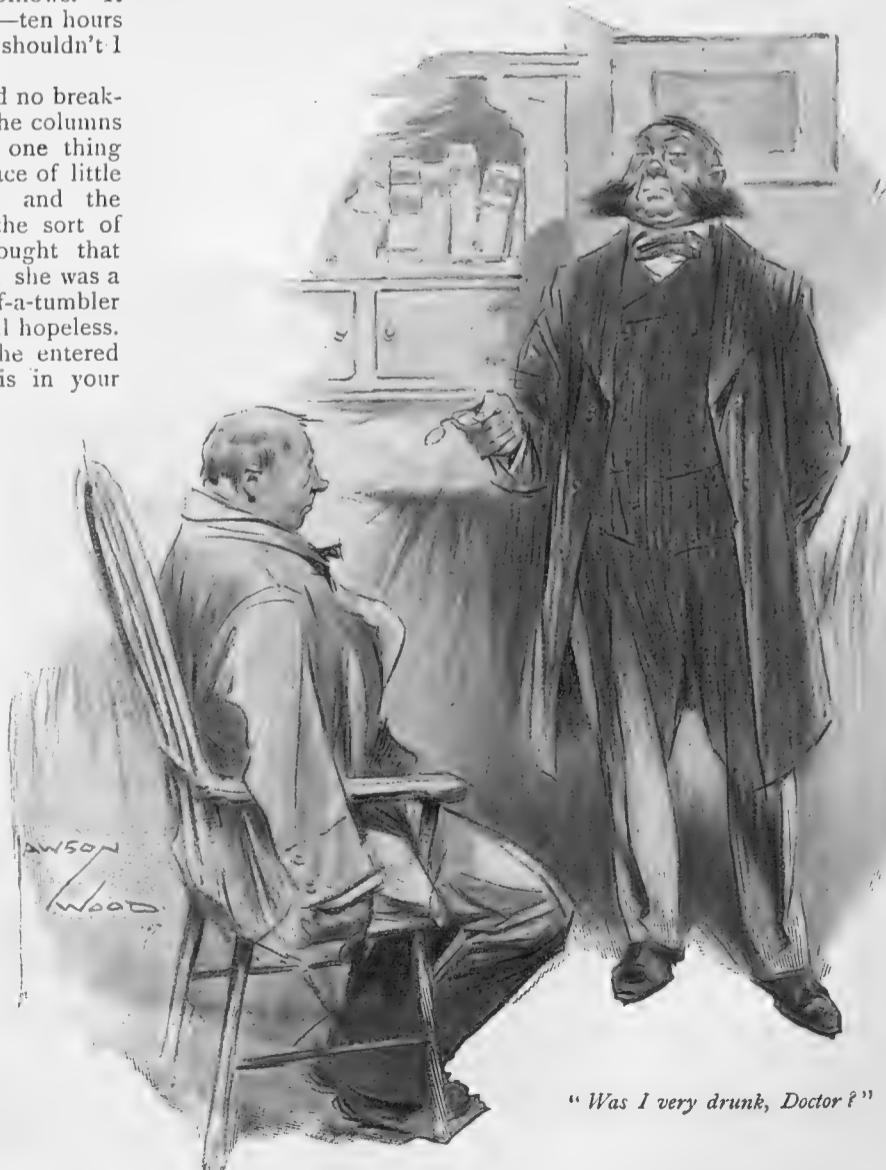
“I suppose you succeeded Dr. Nicholson in the Cumberbatch home?”

“I was the Mayor's medical adviser until he died . . . but I couldn't keep him off drink.”

“What a pity!” I said. “What a terrible thing his decease must have been to poor Mrs. Cumberbatch, who loved him so well. Did she die of grief?”

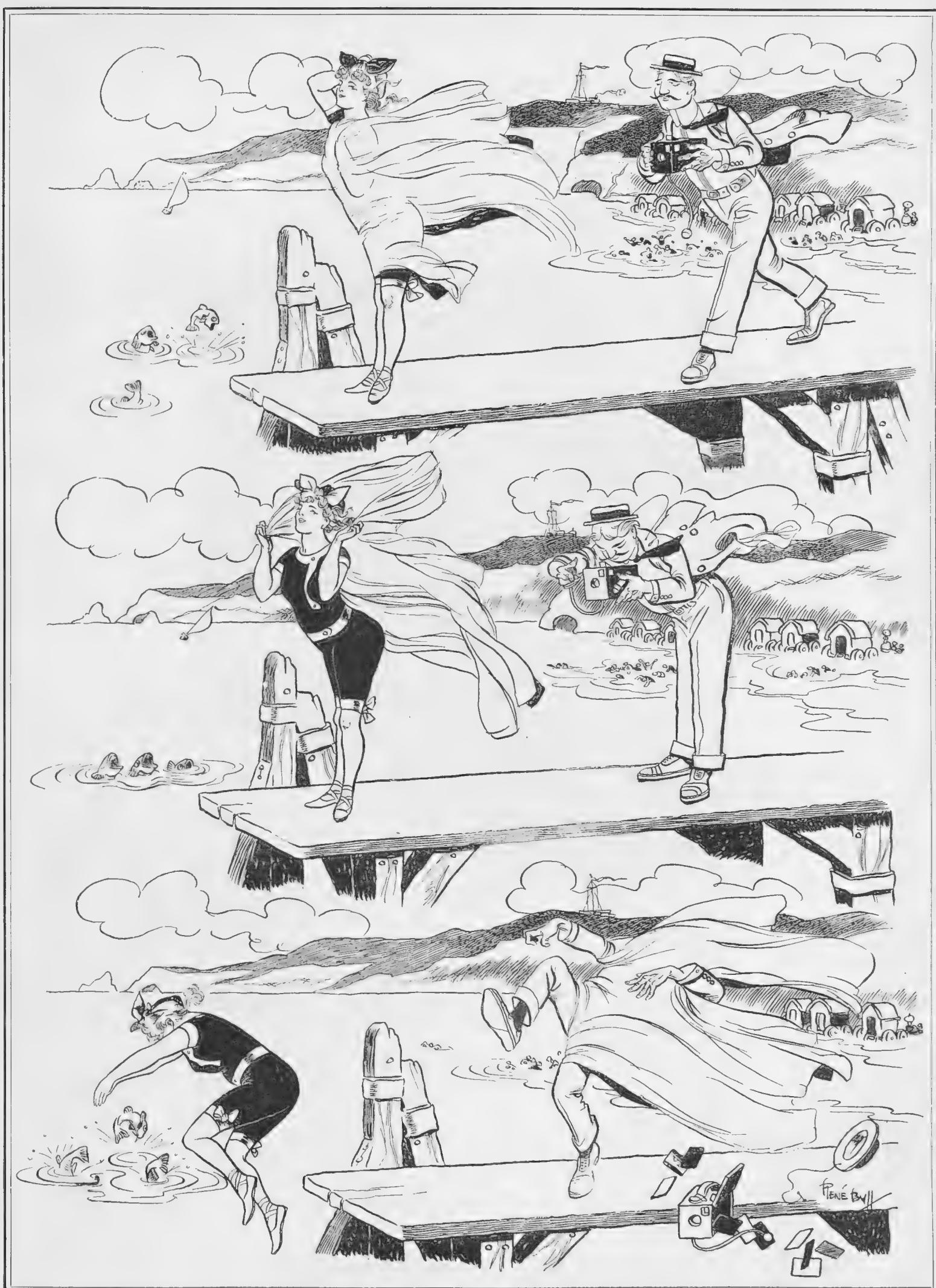
“Certainly not,” he replied hastily. “I married Mrs. Cumberbatch and bought a practice in Kensington.”

[THE END.]



*Was I *very* drunk, Doctor?*

BLANKETED!



UNDER-EXPOSED.

DRAWN BY RENE BULL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT has been said that every woman is beautiful to somebody; and, in fact, women will not buy a book entitled "For Plain Women Only," despite the attraction of a well-known author's name. There is a pile of copies of it in the *Times* Book Club window in Oxford Street—a remainder lot—which you can buy, if you want to, at a very few pence. But do you want to? Books are bought largely as presents; and who is going to give to a lady, on her birthday or any other festive occasion, a volume thus labelled? The very appropriateness of the gift would be its greatest *gaucherie*. Nor am I sure that Mrs. Baillie Reynolds has well considered the title of her newest novel, "A Dull Girl's Destiny." Edwin could not bring to Angelina such a book unless he knew that it was not the girl herself that was dull, but only her surroundings.

Two poems, original in their plan, obviously written quite independently, yet strangely akin in outer form, appear in two of the month's magazines. Each is a little play upon alternative spellings of a name. In "Magdalen to Magdalene," Mr. T. H. Warren, from Magdalen College, Oxford, addresses Arthur Christopher Benson, at Magdalene College, Cambridge, in verses nearly as charming as if they had been Arthur Christopher's own.

The other verses, fluttering also on the peg of a single letter of the alphabet, are from an English pen, though they appear in American pages. They are addressed to Miss Katharine—or is it Catharine?—Thaw. The verses are, in fact, a pretty competition between the K and the C—

Are you Katharine with a K,
Are you Catharine with a C?—
Katharine of Catharines,
Whichso'er you be!

All the Katharines and Catharines of history are called into line allusively, and each catches at the flowing hair of the lucky little girl whom each claims for a C or a K. In another American magazine the name of the Thaw family again appears, and again congenitally; but surely the *Century* has strangely misprinted Mr. Blair Thaw's fine poem. It is not always that letters can be interchanged with happy grace, and the comma's sudden loss of its tail is a species of rapid development to which Darwin gives no countenance. In delicate verse especially does it bring the reader, in all senses, to a full stop.

One of the secrets concerning Miss Edna May of which the world was made aware at the time of her wedding was this, that she and her husband were not the only happy pair, but that one hundred and sixty boots, also in pairs, always awaited her feet's lightest bidding. Such details are long-lived, creeping into memoirs and diaries; and one answering case of a royal partiality for foot-gear is recorded in the "Memoirs of the Countess de Boigne," now for the first time published. Mrs. Fitzherbert one day led her into the Prince of Wales's dressing-room, "where there was a large table entirely covered with shoe-buckles." The sentence seems primed

with a hint for the modern collector, with whom the shoe-buckle of our grandparents, male and female, has somehow missed taking its place among favourite hobbies.

The Bodleian Library, in its Report for 1906, acknowledges the receipt of nearly 78,000 books and manuscripts during last year. Of these, the greater number consist of new books, each publisher of such being obliged by the Copyright Act to send a copy to five libraries, of which the Bodleian is one. The Act seems to be a little hard on publishers—and on the favoured libraries. One does not like to think of the British Museum as a rubbish-heap, and yet, out of say 60,000 books issued during twelve months, how many deserve shelf-room and a catalogue-entry? Perhaps a better and even a less troublesome plan would be to give the five libraries power to call upon publishers for such books as they care to bespeak; the sending of catalogues becoming a legal obligation. Of course, good books would still be bespoken; and there would remain the grievance of an enforced supply of five copies of a book costing, say, twenty-five guineas a copy. But the saving of postages upon uncalled-up trash would be considerable; and the librarian's life in five great literary store-houses might regain something of its old-time dignity and quietude.

Mr. G. S. Street, whose "Ghosts of Piccadilly" have the art of appearing in two places at once—in the *Monthly Review* and in *Putnam's*—have, too, the art of disappearing, and I miss from his sheets some of the phantoms I counted upon finding there. That, no doubt, is all according to Cocker among ghosts. In the chapter on Apsley House, for instance, there is a good deal about the great Duke's amours, together with his statement that no woman had really cared for him—a defeat, if it were true, for which Waterloo could not have compensated. But the ghost of the Duchess is absent. She still haunts

Apsley House, for all that; and I have a flitting, a very flitting, vision of her whenever I look up at those gloomy windows, the panes unwashed, the sashes unpainted, with no amenities of curtains, no friendliness of flowers.

For I have heard or read—I forget now where—that during the riots preceding the passing of Reform in 1832, the mob, in desperate mood, one day stormed the door of Apsley House, and had it opened instantly to them by an aged retainer. "Go away," he implored them; "the Duchess is lying dead upstairs." And the mob went. Thus it came about that "the saviour of his country" was saved from his own countrymen by a dead woman—to whom, if I remember rightly, he had hardly spoken for five years. I should like Mr. Street to investigate this ghostly story, and if it be true, to give the Duchess's wraith a niche in his gallery when his records pass into volume form.

M. E.



THE SMALL BOY: Please, Sir, will you help teach my little brother to swim?
THE OLD GENTLEMAN: But I don't see your little brother.
THE SMALL BOY: Oh, he's tied on to the string.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDLY.



BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Friend of Sir Frederick Treves light-heartedly proposes **Undertakers.** the abandonment of physic. The iconoclast would mercilessly deprive the poor man of his pill, which though, at times, and when misused, perhaps a little harmful, is dear to that poor soul because it is a pill. What of the vested rights of the amateur to prescribe for his friend? The law recognises this well-meaning slayer of his fellows—recognises him in a way which doctors and others of the merely sane may not enthusiastically approve. A man has a perfect right to doctor his neighbour, always provided that his methods, though destructive, be well meant. The decision is not that of a court of undertakers, but of a court of law. If the end be too violent, and suggestive of gross rashness, the practitioner may have to go before his betters. One had so to take his trial, but the jury recommended him to mercy. The poor fellow had only proceeded on the heroic scale—ordering his patient twenty pills at night and twenty in the morning.

The Chesterfield Manner. Of all men, the amateur doctor is the most susceptible to flattery. Swallow his potion, and he is your friend for life. None knew it better than Lord Chesterfield with respect to the Lord Radnor of that age—a man whose delight it was to bleed his friends. There are others of whom the same thing is said to-day, but that is only the metaphor of the uncharitable. Lord Radnor was truly happy when he had his lancet in the vein of a friend. Chesterfield desired his vote in the House of Lords upon a question as to which the two were hopelessly opposed, but called on the morning preceding the division and complained of a headache. Radnor prescribed phlebotomy. "Then do me the favour to add to the service of your advice that of your skill. I know that you are a clever surgeon," said Chesterfield, baring his arm. As he was being bandaged up, the wily one casually mentioned the division, and was besought to state his views. Radnor declared himself ready to vote with his illustrious patient. So Chesterfield was able to depart happy, having, as he told his friends, literally bled for the good of his country.

The Code of Honour. The challenge to a duel which a lawyer mentioned in court the other day would not have gone unanswered had it come in the days of our grandfathers. None faced fire more readily than members of the Bar, for whom a successful duel was among the best of advertisements. Indeed, it was neatly said of Justice Norbury that he had shot himself up to the Bench. No matter how pacific his avocation, a man fought in the duelling days whenever occasion offered. Sir William Gregory related in

his autobiography how one morning he heard shots near his house, and a voice crying, "Gentlemen, this is all child's play. Let us finish the business properly. Let each man advance two paces, and I'll engage that he won't miss." Sir

Gregory went out and asked of this speaker, "Pray, Sir, who are you to give such bloody counsel?" "Who am I, Sir?" answered the other indignantly. "Who am I? I'll have you to know, Sir, that I'm Mr. Hickman, the Clerk of the Peace for the County of Clare!"

Fees and Fuss.

The salary said to have been offered to tempt Mr. Granville

Barker to the United States is between a third and a quarter of that with which Signor Caruso is to be rewarded on his next American tour. It is twelve times as much as Mr. Carnegie paid Mr. E. H. Lemare for presiding at his Pittsburg organ, and it is something like two-and-a-half times the sum which Dr. Parker seems to have been offered. Dr. Aked will not have gone to the millionaire's church for nothing, but presumably they will not pay him more than they were prepared to offer the City Temple stalwart twenty years ago. Writing from America to Mr. John Morgan Richards, Dr. Parker mentioned five thousand a year as the sum which he could have for settling in the States. But he loved not the land, though his five thousand, he said, would be easily made. The "infamous newspaper reporters and interviewers, and hangers-

on" were too much for the Doctor, and he came home when he could.

Hours of Peril. The Rockefellers, father and son, go armed to church, and escorted by a bodyguard. It sounds as bad as the exciting days in Ireland when Mr. Balfour played golf with be-pistolled guardians for caddies. Such is the

penalty of wealth and fame. Men on the Continent pay as heavy a price, though we may not hear much about it. A stranger went one day to dine at Versailles with Thiers, then President. Finding no one at the door, he walked upstairs unannounced, and found that he was the first arrival. Presently a man tiptoed into the room, and stealthily approached him. The guest knew that the President went in hourly fear of assassination, so exclaimed, "I am not Monsieur Thiers." "I know that," said the other, "I want to know who you are?" By what right did he put such a question? the stranger demanded. "I am Monsieur Thiers's butler," was the answer.

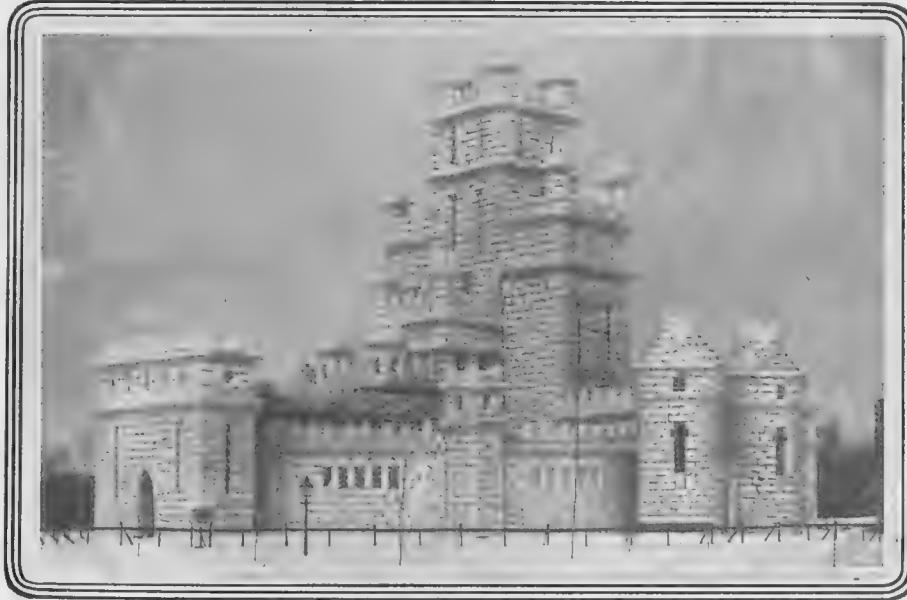
"I," said the other, "am Monsieur de Hubner." With a sigh of relief the butler answered, "Ah, Monsieur le Baron, here is your name at the head of the list." Each had thought the other intended to assassinate the President.



"THE BOY WITH THE LION'S HEAD," WHO WAS TO BE SEEN RECENTLY IN BERLIN.

The boy was born in Russia fifteen years ago. He speaks in addition to his own tongue, English and German.

Photograph by Grunow and Tarnowski.



AN IDEAL SUMMER RESIDENCE—WEATHER PERMITTING: A PALACE OF ICE.

The Palace was built from blocks of ice from the river St. Lawrence, and stood in Windsor Square, Montreal.



PROMINENT AT THE RED-CROSS CONFERENCE: LADY FURLEY.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

letter. But this state of things is now at an end, and Lord Churchill has let it be known that those ladies and gentlemen

CROWNS. CORONETS. & COURTIERS

BY the wish, it is whispered, of the King, who remains in a very special sense the arbiter of our social destinies, Ascot is to be once more as exclusive as it was of yore. During the closing years of the late reign all sorts of unauthorised persons obtained, by some means best known to themselves, and, it may be added, to certain of their aristocratic friends, admission to the Enclosure. The fact that vouchers are under no circumstances transferable became a dead

"The Nipper" it is hard to say, for he is a big man, dark, with brown eyes and heavy moustache. At Oxford he rowed, and was in the Trials; he is also particularly keen on Volunteering. He did wonders at Sedbergh School, which he has ruled for seven years. Notable, too, is the fact that he is a layman—the first lay Head that Tonbridge has ever had.



THE NEW HEAD-MASTER OF TONBRIDGE: MR. CHARLES LOWRY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

personalities in the Red Cross world as is her distinguished husband, for though her marriage took place some time after

Sir John's thrilling experiences in the Franco-German War, she has during the last thirty years been his constant associate and helper in everything connected with his humane life-work. Only four years ago the King was graciously pleased to confer the decoration of the Royal Red Cross on Lady Furley, in recognition of her services in tending the sick and wounded during the war in South Africa. The magnificent reception awarded to the delegates of the Convention, which went on all last week, sets, as it were, a seal on Sir John and Lady Furley's disinterested efforts on behalf of the sick and wounded in war.



"SARAH LEE, LICENSED HAWKER:"
LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR AND
HER FAVOURITE DOGS.

As "Sarah Lee," gipsy, Lady Arthur Grosvenor is spending a holiday on the road, travelling in a caravan.

Photograph by Chidley.

State function, but a private entertainment, for which an exceptionally large number of invitations have been issued.

A Court Bereavement.

The tragic death of Sir Arthur Ellis, his Majesty's lifelong friend and Comptroller of the Household, was a most sad interruption to the otherwise brilliantly successful visit of Queen Alexandra's King brother and his Consort. Sir Arthur Ellis had a lifelong connection with the Court, and he may be said to have been associated with the whole of their Majesty's married life, for he became Equerry to the then Prince of Wales during the 'sixties. Our present Sovereign, unlike some royal personages, is most faithful and constant in his attachment to those who serve him faithfully, and caprice plays no baleful part at our Court. The deepest sympathy will therefore be felt for the King in this bereavement.

"The Nipper" for Tonbridge. The new Head-Master of Tonbridge, Mr. Charles

Lowry, was long affectionately known as "The Nipper" at Eton, where he was for many years, developing into captain of the school, and then returning as master "in college," and finally as a master with a house. Why



LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR ON THE CARAVAN IN WHICH SHE IS MAKING BELIEVE TO BE A GIPSY: "SARAH LEE" ON THE ROAD.

On the side of the caravan is the inscription "Syeira Lee, Licensed Hawker, Cheshire, No. 69." Lady Arthur Grosvenor married the second son of the late Duke of Westminster in 1893. She was Miss Helen Sheffield, daughter of the late Sir Robert Sheffield.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

only to immense estates in Austria and in Germany, but also to that most delightful of Channel Islands, Herm. The marriage will be the most interesting Catholic wedding celebrated since that of the Duke of Norfolk, and is almost certain to bring many Continental notables to this country.

Hard on the account of Germany's magnificent reception of our journalists comes the news of a notable Anglo-German alliance. The descendant of that great Prussian general, Prince Blucher, who helped the Duke of Wellington to win the Battle of Waterloo, has just become engaged to Miss Evelyn Stapleton Bretherton, the daughter of an ancient Catholic house, and a niece of Lord Petre. Count Jephard Blucher von Wahlstadt — to give him his full name — is the eldest son of the reigning Prince, and heir not



MISS ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE, whose new one-act play, "A Tragedy of Truth," is this week dividing the interest with "The Corsican Brothers" at the Adelphi, is said to be the proud possessor of the most illegible handwriting in the world. The result has been disastrous financially, for, as Miss Langbridge says, though she has tried scores of typists with her manuscripts, nobody will have them except at treble rates. Mr. Martin Harvey most inconsiderately declares that her d's and b's are "like two hump-backed old men standing back to back." This curious handwriting led to an amusing incident in connection with "A Tragedy of Truth." Miss Langbridge had made some slight alterations in it for Mr. Harvey, when she received a long letter from him containing a most serious argument in connection with the word "vise," which, he added, he did not care for at all, especially in the sense in which it was used. He wanted another word substituted for it, for he had been put to some pains in the matter, and enclosed a very long and learned letter from a student of Gaelic, who had been poring over all the Gaelic dictionaries he could lay hands on in the search for a satisfactory explanation of the terrible word "vise." The nearest he could get to it was the colloquial word "vizzy," from which he thought the term might be derived, and used by a peasant in the sense of a corkscrew. Miss Langbridge's reply to Mr. Martin Harvey was simple—"Has it ever occurred to you that I make my r's like v's?" The learned word "vise," which had so worried the authority on Gaelic, was the simple one "rise."

Mr. Sydney Barraclough, to whom a complimentary benefit is to be given at the Adelphi next Tuesday afternoon, in order to enable him to continue a course of treatment for consumption with the hope that he will be permanently cured, is one of the well-known cricketers in the theatrical profession, and before his unfortunate illness he invariably played in all the matches in which actors took part.

Like Little Tommy Tucker, Mr. Barraclough has known what it is to sing, if not for his supper, yet for a meal. When studying in Paris, on the days when the exigencies of finance did not permit him to think of dining at a pension, he used to buy a small cup of chocolate and dine on a couple of eggs after his singing-lesson. One day, the proprietress of the establishment, who had evidently taken the trouble to find out something about him, crossed over to the table at which he was sitting; and said, "You are a singer, are you not, Sir?" "Yes, Madam," replied the young artist. "Very well, Sir," continued Madame; "if you will sing something for me, I will give you a large cup of chocolate." Mr. Barraclough accepted

the invitation with alacrity. He got his large cup of chocolate, and the lady got her song.

To stop short in a big scene is always a most disconcerting thing for an actor, for it is apt at any time during subsequent performances to produce uncomfortable feelings of apprehension as the same scene approaches. It is to be hoped that this will not happen next week, when Miss Mabel Hackney reappears at the Coronet as Charlotte, in the adaptation of "Les Hannetons," called "The Incubus," through the recollection of an incident which happened when she first played the part at the Imperial Theatre for the Stage Society. Though the part is a very long one, all had gone well, and the big scene in the second act, in which Charlotte tears up Pierre's botanical album, was nearing its climax. Suddenly Miss Hackney stopped. The words had left her. She looked to the prompt entrance, but all she saw was the closed book and no one

by it. She did the only thing possible under the circumstances. She walked off the stage and attracted the attention of the absent prompter. He rushed back to his post, and she returned to the stage to receive a hearty round of applause from the audience for her presence of mind. She repeated the line she had just spoken before she came to a standstill, but still her memory did not reassert itself, and the missing line did not follow from the prompter. She looked to the prompt entrance, and saw him rummaging among the leaves of



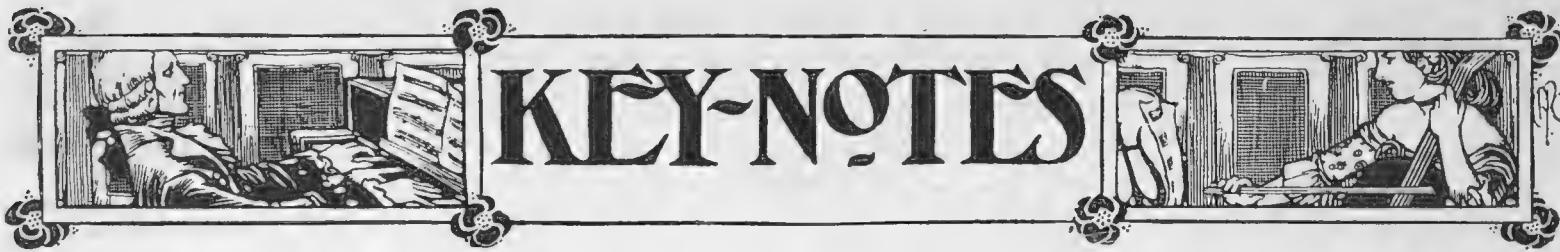
MR. AND MRS. MARTIN HARVEY AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Mr. Harvey is now coming towards the end of his short season at the Adelphi. His wife, known professionally as Miss N. de Silva, is appearing with him, as she invariably does.

Photograph by Ellis and Waller.

the book trying to find his place. There was a pause which seemed like eternity. A second time Miss Hackney left the stage. Then she returned with the words, which she had herself looked up. After that she and Mr. C. V. France carried through the remainder of the act just as if there had been no interruption at all. When the curtain fell there was a great outburst of applause, but the strain had been too much for Charlotte.

Mr. Laurence Irving, Miss Mabel Hackney's husband, was sitting in the dress circle, and he saw at once from his wife's attitude as she took her call in front of the curtain that she was in a state of collapse. He rushed round from his seat to receive her from some members of the Stage Society, who, as one man, had gone to her support from their adjacent stage box. It took Mr. Irving all that night and the next morning to convince his wife that she had not wrecked her career and his, to say nothing of Brieux's and the Stage Society's, even though the courtesy of the Press was shown on the occasion by only one paper alluding in any way to the contretemps. For its occurrence the absent prompter was in no way to blame, for he was doing other necessary things at the time, and even prompters are not able to be in two places at the same moment, though a good many people think they are.



GALA NIGHT performances at the Opera House do not call for criticism—in fact, the critic becomes guest or reporter.

A State performance is in nearly every sense a social function, and music takes much the same position as it does at banquets and receptions, where diners or guests suffer it patiently, but without much attention or abiding interest. The one point to be noted on these occasions is the assembly of the best artists at the service of the directors of the Opera House. Last week's performance was one at which all the stars sang together. No opera house in the world could afford to call its patrons together under ordinary circumstances to hear such talent united for service on one and the same evening. With Melba and Destinn, Caruso and Van Rooy, German music and Italian music, Dr. Richter and Signor Campanini, the feast was worthy of Lucullus, and for all that it was not the chief attraction. Musical London had surrendered to the temptation besetting purely ceremonial functions; the boxes had entered into competition with the stage; the sense of sight was in such demand that the gift of hearing became of secondary importance. But for all competing interests, the singers, or most of them, gave their closest attention to their work; one and all did their best. It may be said that, though the greatest city of the world seldom makes her appearance in ceremonial garb at a theatrical or musical performance, she can assume it at request with complete dignity.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" has come back to Covent Garden after long absence, in company with "I Pagliacci," and if the music of both operas sounded a little thin and even insincere, it must be remembered that no work of the modern Italian school can hope to hold its own when it is placed side by side with German music. When we have been listening to Wagner's operas for six weeks, the least critical ears are quick to note the many faults of the modern Italian composers. Only Verdi is big enough to compete on equal terms with Wagner. You can set "Aïda," "Falstaff," "Otello" side by side with "Lohengrin," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger" without disadvantage to either composer; but to ask Massagni and Leoncavallo to appear side by side with Wagner is to put the living men in a false position.

Mlle. Scalar, who made her first appearance in England last autumn, sang the Santuzza music in the "Cavalleria" very finely; her voice is full of good qualities and her dramatic method is acceptable. The part of Turiddu brought us another American tenor, Mr. Wheatley, whose voice can hardly be judged by his first appearance, because he seemed to have difficulty in taking the

THE GREAT POLISH PIANIST WHO HAS RETURNED TO LONDON: M. PADEREWSKI, WHO PLAYED AT QUEEN'S HALL YESTERDAY (TUESDAY) AFTERNOON.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

measure of the house. Many singers when heard for the first time at Covent Garden are at some disadvantage, but justify their selection at the second attempt. In "Pagliacci" Fräulein Destinn's Nedda dominated every other interest, although Signor Sammarco, who made his welcome reappearance in the part of Tonio, sang and acted in fashion that demonstrated for the hundredth time that he is

an operatic artist of the very first order. Signor Bassi, who in the part of Canio, made his first bow to a London audience, is an acceptable tenor who may achieve renown. Naturally enough, on the occasion of his first appearance he was nervous, and in the most emotional passages allotted to him the full force of his voice seemed to be arrested. Happily, there was no suggestion that the voice is not there, or that he will not be able to give his higher notes their freedom and full value upon another occasion. Doubtless "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will be even more popular than they are now in a week or two, for German opera came to an end on Monday of last week with a fine performance of "The Flying Dutchman," and for the next six weeks France and Italy will share the honours of the season between them.

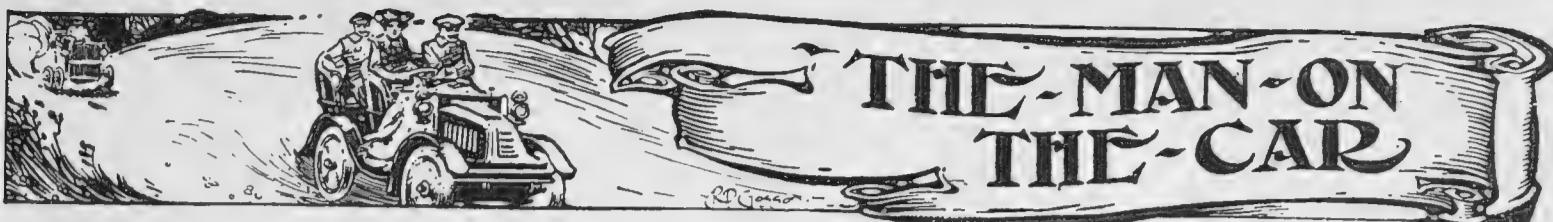
Signor Puccini is now in London, presumably to attend the rehearsals of some of his operas, and Madame Giachetti has arrived in town to take the name-part in "La Tosca," with Caruso as Cavaradossi and Scotti as Scarpia. Perhaps the special interest of "La Tosca" belongs to the drama more than to the music; certainly Giachetti's triumph in this opera is largely on the dramatic side, although she sings much of the music very beautifully. There are occasions when singing and acting move together to a great triumph, and Madame Giachetti's rendering of "Visi d'arte e d'amor" would be hard to beat. Unfortunately, Sardou seems to have had the Fat Boy of "Pickwick" in his mind when he wrote "La Tosca": he seems to have said, with that worthy young gentleman, "I wants to make your flesh creep." And Puccini, in his turn, would appear to have thought that the creeping could be made far more effective by the aid of music heavily scored for the brass, full of violent contrasts. If "La Tosca" is not in the hands of a really distinguished actress the opera cannot do very much to hold the house. Happily, Madame Giachetti has realised to the fullest extent the possibilities of the part: there is no opera in which she is heard to greater advantage.

The return of Ponchielli's music to Covent Garden raises the ever-interesting problem of the relation between book and music in opera. The celebrated composer was exceedingly unfortunate in his librettists, and although "La Gioconda" is founded upon Victor Hugo's "Angelo," it makes a ridiculous book. When the work was written, rather more than thirty years ago, Italy was not concerned with anything more than the music of an opera; and when "La Gioconda" reached London in the early 'eighties we were equally indifferent. Nowadays composers seek the aid of a libretto that has reasonable interest in it, and we must recognise that in "Gioconda" Ponchielli was heavily handicapped by the book, for which Signor Görrio was responsible. Happily, the composer's music can carry a fairly heavy burden. Perhaps some day we shall see some of his big ballets given at Covent Garden. Ponchielli understood how to write for dancers, and "La Gioconda" gives more than a taste of his quality as a writer of ballet-music.

COMMON CHORD.



THE ONLY WOMAN VIOLIN-MAKER: MISS GRACE BARSTOW, OF SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.



THE PEKIN-TO-PARIS "RACE"—THE HERKOMER TROPHY—THE SCOTTISH TRIALS—THE HENRY EDMUNDS CHALLENGE TROPHY—THE TOURIST TROPHY—
THE WEATHER AND DUST—ACCIDENTS—PREPARING FOR A TOUR—THE BROOKLANDS TRACK—MOTORISTS AS POLICE.

ACCORDING to dispatches received from the scene of action, a certain number of automobiles, De Dions, Italas, Cantals, and Spykers being among them, have left Pekin for Paris. I do not write, "to drive to Paris," for from information given me by an old friend who knows his China backwards, I should say that there will be precious little driving done. To my mind, it is altogether a useless undertaking, which may result in loss of life and much trouble to the Chinese Government and the Legations. Its results can have no commercial effect with thinking people, for the man who places an

powers of organisation to marshal and control. I think the entry totals no fewer than 120 vehicles, carrying at least four, and some five, passengers each, making a small army of about five hundred odd folk to be "strawed down" and catered for in districts where one, or at most two hotels, are found in the entire parish. Just how it is to be done I know not, but Robert Smith will make the ways plain before everyone.

The Daimler Company of England must really be sighing for fresh hills to conquer. This steep-scaling car has once again gathered the Henry Edmunds Challenge Trophy to itself, and through the agency of the self-same car that won it last year at South Harting. This was Mr. George S. Barwick's 30-h.p. Daimler, which performed up Carter's Hill, Rever Hill, 1 2-5 sec. and 1-5 sec. in the first turns better than Mr. Paul Brodtmann's 30-40-h.p. Daimler and the 40-h.p. Napier respectively.

The more one hears the recent Tourist Trophy Race discussed the more closely is it borne in on one that if entries are to be provoked for another competition next year the conditions must undergo revision. In addition to the evolution of an unsaleable car, the race loses largely in advertising value by the fact of cars not being able to finish



THE TERRIBLE MOTOR ACCIDENT AT SUNRISING HILL, EDGEHILL: THE CURVE AT WHICH THE CAR OVERTURNED.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau

order for any one of the above cars because it is reported through this precious Pekin-Paris drive is only fit to go and take part in it. For the life of me I do not understand why the Chinese Government allowed themselves to be browbeaten into permitting it. These unhappy Celestials have already been warned by the various representatives that they will be held responsible for anything that may happen to the absurd and wrong-headed tourists.

The great race for the Herkomer Trophy, round and about the conditions and formulæ of which there raged so much discussion last year, attracted very little notice in this country. But for the presence of two high-powered Napiers, I question whether we should have heard much about it. I notice that, according to the published results of the speed test held in Forstenrieder Park, Munich, the first six fastest cars were of German make, an Itala coming seventh, and the Napiers tenth and eleventh. Of course, the actual times effected may have been juggled with some weird formulæ, as was the case last year, and the speed event may have been quite a misnomer.

But looking nearer home for trials of a really satisfactory and accurate character, trials the certified results of which do prove a guide and an index to purchasers, I am reminded that the 25th inst. is the initial day of the fourth series of reliability trials to be held by the Scottish Automobile Club (Western Division), Mr. Robert Smith, secretary. The entry already exceeds that of any previous year—indeed, the train of cars winding their way round and about some of the wildest, loveliest, and roughest parts of the Highlands will tax even Mr. Smith's well-known



THE TERRIBLE MOTOR ACCIDENT AT SUNRISING HILL, EDGEHILL: THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER AND THE WRECKED CAR.

The car, which was of 24-h.p., contained a party of Americans—two ladies and two gentlemen—and a chauffeur, and was on its way from Oxford to Stratford-on-Avon. It descended Sunrising Hill at a great pace, and overturned at a curve, on the spot where two Norfolk gentlemen were killed three years ago. One of the passengers died almost immediately; the others were very seriously injured; the chauffeur sustained terrible wounds on the face and scalp. The hill is marked "Great Danger," and has been the scene of a number of fatal accidents.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau

and so exhibit a performance comparable with the record of the placed vehicles. It looks as if we must once more follow the French and organise an event more or less on Grand Prix principles.

If the very indifferent weather of the past two months has been generally execrated, it has at least saved motorists from a more general outcry anent the dust nuisance. Had there been really dry weather during the past four weeks the annoyance due to the dust raised by cars on all our main roads would have stirred up the public wrath: the farmers would allege that they were being ruined, and householders

and shopkeepers would be loud in their complaints against motorists. But the weather has been so atrociously bad that even the most virulent motorphobe has forgotten to abuse the motorist, so busy is he kept in railing at rain and wind. It is not an ideal time for the motorist, but it might be worse.



THE ONLY GERMAN LADY WHO TOOK PART IN THE HERKOMER TROPHY RACE: FRAU STERNBERG ON A 30-H.P. 4-CYLINDER PROTOS.

Frau Sternberg is the wife of Dr. Sternberg.

Photograph by Ed. Frankl.

authorities that they adopt a more sensible and uniform method of signalling the presence of such danger-spots.

To my mind, much of the pleasure of a tour lies in mapping out the course thoroughly, selecting the best route, taking full advantage of the experience of previous travellers over the course, and endeavouring as far as is humanly possible to be prepared for the steep hills, dangerous corners, and obscured crossings which abound on most of our roads. Chance may bring accident to any man, but in my experience of motoring I have noticed that sooner or later nearly every reckless driver has had a bitter lesson, while the majority of careful drivers have had no mishap in all these years.

It is hoped that the Brooklands motor-track will be quite ready for the opening meet on July 6, and now that the work is all but complete, discussion is more vigorous than ever in the clubs as to its prospects. Some critics already dub it a white elephant—a very unsportsmanlike thing to do before it has been given a fair trial. Others doubt that it will ever show a profit; whilst many fear that the racing itself will prove disappointing. But we shall see what we shall see. The project is unique, and has never been attempted before, and so it deserves careful trial ere it is judged.

To check motor scorching in a Chicago Park the Commissioner of Police has hit upon the novel plan of inviting well-known motorists to enlist themselves

as special constables, and look after the motor traffic. Such men, he thinks, will be best able to judge what cars are being driven at a dangerous speed or in a reckless manner, and their evidence will be far more valuable than that of the usual policeman who is set to regulate motor traffic.

Some regrettable accidents have been reported lately, but the number is not sufficient to cause any alarm when we take into account the enormous number of cars now running daily on our roads. It might be suggested to drivers that, when going on tour over unknown roads, they should take the trouble to study maps and guide-books very carefully, and thus be well prepared for dangerous places; and it might be urged on the road



FIRST IN THE HERKOMER TROPHY RACE: MR. FRITZ ERLE ON THE 60-H.P. BENZ.

Although both the No. 9 Mercédès, driven by Mr. Edgar Ladenburg, and the No. 19 Benz, driven by Mr. Fritz Erle and owned by Mr. Ladenburg, both had non-stop runs, the latter scored most points. [Photograph by Branger.]

down in the list of the cars awarded gold medals is Herr Ladenburg's Mercédès, and the splendid performance of these two cars shows that this gentleman, in addition to selecting very good vehicles to begin with, keeps them in the pink of condition, and drives them in masterly fashion. It is no mean performance to beat a hundred and sixty other picked cars in a touring contest, and to do it on two occasions out of three is quite a remarkable feat.

There has just been issued the twelfth edition of a neat little booklet, clad in red, that has been, and will be, of the greatest service to motorists. It is intended primarily for those who own Humber cars, as its title "Humber Cars, and How to Manage Them," shows; but few, if any, could read it without profit. Contained in it are many valuable hints on the storage of car and petrol, the various parts of the motor,

the valves, water-cooling, the carburettor, ignition, the commutator, Eisemann magneto, Simms-Bosch magneto, coil, the transmission gear, the clutch, the gearbox, the differential gear, the steering-column, pedals, the brakes, change speed, engine-shield, nuts and bolts, lubrication, and so on through the multitude of parts and details that should be known thoroughly by every good motorist who is wise enough to realise that he can better check the vagaries of chauffeur and mechanician if he himself knows what he is about. At the end of the book is an elaborate series of explanatory plans of the Coventry car.



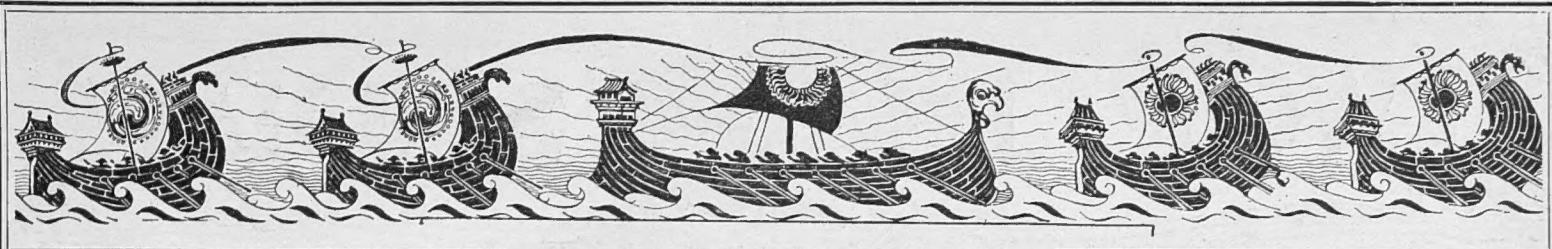
HONOURING HEROES OF THE HERKOMER TROPHY RACE: LADIES WAITING WITH GIFTS OF FLOWERS AND COGNAC FOR THE DRIVERS.—[Photograph by Ed. Frankl.]



Mr. Pope. The late Mr. Croft.

THE FATAL MOTOR ACCIDENT NEAR SILLERY: MR. POPE AND THE LATE PRICHARD CROFT. The accident, which took place at Sillery, was a result of the bursting of a front tyre, which caused the car to run violently into a tree. Mr. Prichard Croft, the motor editor of the "Throne," was killed on the spot, and the other occupants of the car—Mr. H. R. Pope, the well-known motorist, and his wife—were severely injured. The motorists were on their way to Homburg to witness the races for the Kaiser Prize.

(*"The Man on the Car"* is continued on a later page.)



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

Quite an imposing gathering of royal personages arranged to grace the Speech Day at Wellington this week (17th) on the occasion of the opening of the new building by the Prince of Wales. The college was in a sense the Prince Consort's contribution to British education, and the keen interest he took in the place was continued by Queen Victoria, by whose desire it was that several of her immediate descendants were sent there. Of old Wellingtonians not the least distinguished was Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein; and there are many references to the great school in the biography of the Prince written by the present Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. A visit to Wellington is generally part of the royal programme during Ascot Week.

Beauty's Cloud Carriage? The lovely Duchess of Aosta, who was the first royal Princess to take a long balloon voyage, is said to have declared her belief that in a couple of years every fashionable woman in

London and Paris will have her "cloud carriage." In France — the Duchess is, of course, a French woman — ballooning has become a furore among the very smart, and there are over a hundred lady owners of balloons belonging to the Aero Club. A slight improvement in any of the existent flying-machines might also make her Royal Highness's prophecy come



TO MARRY LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER: MISS ANNE BREESE, STEP-DAUGHTER OF MR. HARRY HIGGINS.

Miss Breese, as we have already noted, is a step-daughter of Mr. Harry Higgins, of Royal Opera fame. Lord Alastair Innes-Ker is a brother of the Duke of Roxburghe.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

the police station, where he found the housebreaker safely lodged, and the spoons spread out beautifully on the Commissaire's table.

He asked for the spoons back. He wanted them, first, because they were valuable, and, secondly, because he was spoonless. His children were coming that day to lunch, and even the most inventive man has not discovered how to eat soup or custard, nicely, without the use of a spoon — silver, wooden, or pewter. The articles were marked with the initials of the writer. There was no doubt that they were his property, but the magistrate hesitated to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's. Before the goods could be handed up he had to obtain the authorisation of the prisoner. That is French law. Courte-line found it very quaint, and compromised the matter by withdrawing his complaint and entering into possession of his own property. When, afterwards, justice reconsidered and wanted to prosecute the thief,

Courte-line said:

"No, no — play the game"; and went away softly humming to himself

some song in French about the Law being a Hass.

Balliol's New Master. Mr. J. L. Strachan Davidson,

who has been elected Master of Balliol in succession to Dr. Caird, has long been Senior Fellow of

ROYAL DENMARK IN ENGLAND: THE QUEEN AND THE KING OF DENMARK AT THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

ROYAL DENMARK IN ENGLAND: THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND THE KING AT THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

true. Frenchwomen go to great pains in the matter of naming their balloons: that of the young Duchesse d'Uzès is called the "Sirius."

An Innocent Abroad. The most striking literary event of the month is the coming

and the entertaining of Mark Twain. On Friday (21st) the American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid will bring together a unique gathering of writers in honour of the great humourist, whose splendid integrity has won him even wider fame than his genius for what our American friends call "funning." Like the Colonial Premiers, the famous humourist will run the danger of being killed with kindness, for a wonderful series of functions has been arranged by his friends and admirers.

The French Mark Twain's Spoons. "Mon cher Courte-line" is an author of repute in Paris, a delicious, whimsical, satirical author, with more than a touch of Mark Twain about him. He has been called the French Mark Twain. He laughs at everybody, and jokes about even so majestic a thing as the law. The other day a burglar came to Courte-line, who lives in a pleasant country part of suburban Paris, and took away his spoons. They are



THE GIANT STATUE OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ON ITS WAY TO WHITEHALL.

The King arranged to unveil the statue of the Duke of Cambridge, which stands in Whitehall, on Saturday last. The memorial is the work of Captain Adrian Jones. It is here shown leaving the foundry. — [Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

that famous college, and, as Mrs. Sellar says in her delightful book of Reminiscences, "his gentle and faithful heart has smoothed the path and cheered the lives of so many of his friends." Nothing was finer in its way than the new Master's devotion to his brother Fellow of Balliol, Mr. Evelyn Abbott. They were contemporaries, appearing in the same first classes some forty years ago, and taking their degrees together. But Mr. Abbott's life was marred by a terrible tragedy. He was a magnificent athlete, and one day, having had an accident while running in a hurdle-race, he insisted on playing cricket immediately afterwards, and made a "century." Alas! it was his last match. From that day he was unable to walk a step; always he went about in a bath-chair, but this infirmity did not prevent him from becoming one of the best tutors even Balliol has ever had. Yet it may be doubted if even his spirit would have borne up against such misfortune had it not been for Mr. Strachan Davidson's unselfish devotion. The two used to live together at Headington, near Oxford, and everything that friend could do to lighten Mr. Abbott's burden was done. The new Master is known to scholars all over Europe for his edition of Polybius.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

WELSHING—SEASON TICKETS—THE CUPS.

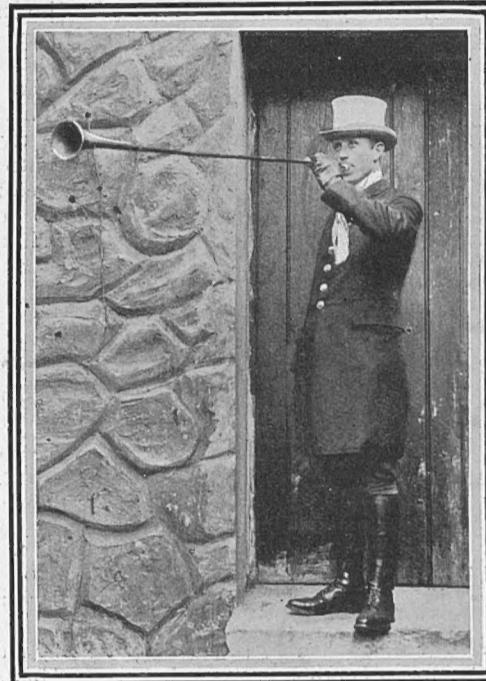
IT is a pity that at open meetings like Epsom and Ascot welshing is still prevalent on the opposite side of the course, and I do think that the police should be a little smarter when looking for evildoers. I heard a very funny story of a welsher who landed about £500 and then bolted, but eventually was caught by the police. It is said that some of his gang gave him away because they did not want him to share in the division of the spoils. I always thought that there was honour even among welshers, but this shows the "profession" in a very bad light. The detectives might do a deal more than they achieve at present in the suppression of welshing if they forbade the wrong 'uns known to them to stand up at all. Instead of which they allow the men to do business with a view to getting a case, with the result that the innocents lose their money, and, in addition, have to waste more valuable time in attending the police-courts if they wish to get the culprits punished. Thanks to the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, prison now awaits the welsher who is caught in the act; but his customers get no redress of any practical shape. As betting on a racecourse is perfectly legal, I think that all the money found on a welsher should be used to pay the people who have betted with him and have won money which has not been paid. However, in any case, the police should display a little more energy in protecting the public from welshers on our free and other courses.

The system of supplying season tickets to cover admission to the paddock, Tattersall's, and the grand stand, adopted by the Ascot authorities for the first time this year, is one to be praised, and I hope it will be adopted at all race-meetings. It is a nuisance to be loaded up with tickets, and many times I have seen poor people fumbling in their pockets to find tickets that have been lost or stolen. The time may come when the suggestion I made many years back will be put into force, and it will be possible to get a circular ticket to admit to Tattersall's Ring and the paddock at all race-meetings for the one annual subscription. True, the division of the charges would have to be worked by Messrs. Weatherby on the lines of the Railway Clearing House, but this could easily be done. One thing I am certain of, the Ascot management will be large gainers by their latest reform when it comes to be generally known, and in the case of a wet year it will ensure a good income from season tickets bought in London before the first day of the meeting. What applies to race-meetings should also apply to the railway companies. Take the South-Western, which feeds all the park meetings to the south-west of the Metropolis—namely, Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, Windsor,

Hawthorn Hill, and Salisbury, to say nothing of Wincanton, Crewkerne, and the other West of England meetings. Why do not the company issue season tickets to cover all the race-meetings held on their system? I am certain these would be bought in large numbers by owners, trainers, and bookmakers, and I am equally certain that such a plan would be of the greatest good to the sport.

There will be the usual big field for the Royal Hunt Cup. This race is a good speculative medium, and it is whispered that the followers of the Manton stable raked in an enormous sum by the win of Dinneford last year. Mr. Reid Walker told all his friends some days before the race that the horse was certain to win. The most amazing race I remember for the Royal Hunt Cup was that won by Peter, in 1881. The horse had run out for the Ascot Stakes the day before, and Sir John Astley started him for the Cup on the off chance, but did not back him for a sou. Sir John's face was a study when he saw the brute winning easily. Another surprise was the win of Despair, who scored in 1886. The horse was ridden by C. Loates, and started at 40 to 1. Mr. Gilbert, who owned Despair, did not have a penny on him. Another good outsider was Laureate II., who was ridden to victory by M. Cannon. Victor Wild, who won in 1894, started at 40 to 1. He was ridden by the North-country jockey Harrison, who arrived overnight, and did not know a soul in the place. He went to a local public-house and asked for a bed, and told them he had come south to "ride the winner of the Hunt Cup, but did not know what it was." Refractor, who just upset a big plunge on Eager by a neck in 1899, had never won a race before. Eager, I should add, could not quite stay the distance, but he came out on the Friday and won the Wokingham Stakes with ease.

Csardas, who won in 1904, was a bad one for the bookmakers, as he was backed all over the country, and a commission was also worked in South Africa. The handicap this year has been framed on the flattering scale, and it is just possible that another outsider will be successful. My final selection for the race appears in another column. The Ascot Gold Cup is seldom won by a bad horse. Perhaps one of the worst to win it in my time was Throwaway, who was successful in 1904, beating Zinfandel, Sceptre, and Maximum II. Another big surprise was the win of Merman, 1900, the victory being, in the main, due to Sloan's riding. The King, then Prince of



WINNER OF THE HORN-BLOWING COMPETITION

AT THE OLYMPIA SHOW: MR. W. PAYNE.
Mr. Payne, who is guard of the Leamington-Stratford coach, was his own teacher. He has received a challenge for a horn-blowning championship.

Photograph by the Sports Company.



"THE PEARLY KING": MR. LEON WILLIAMS IN HIS 14,000-BUTTON SUIT.

Mr. Williams, who showed a "moke" in the donkey class at the Olympia Show, donned for the occasion one of the suits that have won him the title of "The Pearly King." He has been collecting pearl buttons for five-and-twenty years. On the suit in which he is here shown are some 14,000 buttons; on another suit are 11,000 buttons.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

Wales, came in for a big reception after Persimmon had won in 1897. The first race for the Cup I remember was when Gladiateur won from two opponents in 1866.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

German "Gemüthlichkeit." A heated controversy waxes on the subject of the word *gemüthlichkeit*, whose true meaning is so elusive to the British intellect. Indeed, it is quite untranslatable. Speaking broadly, I should say it was a quality more common among plebeians than among aristocrats in

the Teutonic Fatherland. The inimitable Professor in "Elizabeth in Rügen," for instance, was essentially *gemüthlich*; the Princessin Marcel Prévost's "Monsieur et Madame Moloch" was assuredly not. I quote these two recent novels on modern Germany because they are written by foreign writers, and foreigners usually see the salient characteristics of a nation clearer than natives. Prosper Merimée knew all about German *gemüthlichkeit*, and that sophisticated courtier and man-of-letters could not endure it; he even used to declare that it spoiled his annual sojourn at the German baths. But Merimée was nothing if not a Superior Person, and to some of us

Empire is built? The place, he assures me, is packed with French travellers and wayfarers, who now forsake Paris and its austere boulevards to amuse themselves in Berlin. The Teuton's constitution, indeed, must be considerably more solid than that of our decadent Parisians and Londoners, for he is able to put in an amount of eating, drinking, gambling, theatre-going, dancing and the like which would send a young Frenchman or Englishman to a rest-cure for six weeks. No wonder modern Germany is successful!

Taxes on Tails. I gather, from a spirited Parisian *révue* which I heard in a drawing-room the other night, that pianos à queues (*Anglais*, grand-pianos) are now taxed, or about to be taxed, in France. The idea left me, as Mr. Walkley would say, "furiously thinking." For if pianos with tails are to be taxed, why not everything else with a tail? Why should not fluffy Persian cats, ladies' Ascot gowns, pet birds, Court trains, goldfish, Paris robes, peacocks, man's evening coat, bridal fripperies, and other things with useless appendages be made to add to the resources of the national exchequer? Small lap-dogs, which are now taken out to dinner-parties by their doting owners, might well pay a special tail-tax as well as the license which costs but a few paltry shillings a year. I vow it is an engaging idea, and I offer it to Mr. Asquith for what it is worth. It is probably worth millions.

The Sad Island.

There is something haunting in the beauty, the pathos, and the humour of the Irish plays which Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory produced last week at the Great Queen Street Theatre. Miss Darragh made an unforgettable figure as the Queen in Mr. Yeats's "Shadaway Waters," and the Celtic poet must have been proud to hear his exquisite verses spoken with such sincerity and grace. At these productions, it is a woman who supplies the humour, and Lady Gregory is a past-mistress in presenting the drollery, the simplicity, and the suspiciousness of the West of Ireland peasantry. What strikes one most is the undercurrent of sadness, of inevitability running beneath even the boisterous fun of the "comic" pieces. Death, with all its grim paraphernalia, is a familiar topic and crops up at every turn. Mr. Synge's "Riders to the Sea," by the way, is too realistic in its gruesomeness; one might as well try to put Tolstoy's "La Mort" upon the stage. Such things can be told, but not seen.



[Copyright.]

A RACE-GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

this diverting mixture of geniality, naïveté, and kindliness is what amuses and interests us most when travelling in Germany, for in no other country in the world can you find it in such luxuriance. The English editors and journalists were captivated by it, and who knows if the somewhat austere and unapproachable manners of Fleet Street magnates will not henceforth "suffer a sea-change"? If this be one of the results of recent Anglo-German journalistic amenities, the adventure is all to the good.

The Gaiety of Berlin.

Barbers all the world over are, as we know, the purveyors of information, and licensed gossips, for they have their fingers, so to speak, on the throat of Society. Observers of the human comedy should never silence with undue severity the tongue of the hairdresser. Thus, when the young gentleman who occasionally waves my hair wishes to prattle of his native Berlin while he ploughs a lonely furrow across my scalp with aggressively hot tongs, I encourage him to do so. And from this expert I gather that in Berlin nowadays one amuses oneself with a frenzied gaiety—a gaiety, indeed, which lasts all night and sends you home by staring daylight to bed. Nothing can exceed, it seems, the strenuous joy of living in the city on the Spree, and who knows, indeed, if our classic phrase for whole-hearted abandon may not be directly derived from the narrow river on which the capital of the German



[Copyright.]

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

SMART TAILOR-MADE. Such things can be told, but not seen.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

DESS never was more beautiful than it is this week at Ascot. Time was when Gold Cup Day, which will be to-morrow, was the one chosen for supreme effort. Now it is remarkable rather for the quantity than the quality of the beautiful toilettes. Each day is honoured by devotees to dress, and constant communication is kept up between the West-End modistes and the Ascot houses where parties are entertained. The gowns are, for the most part, soft and clinging. The semi-Empire back has not yet disappeared from evening-dress, but little of it is seen in the daytime. Becoming as it was, the style was too distinctive to have a long reign. Directly it began to make its appearance by the gross in ready-made gowns, the exclusive makers of frocks were compelled reluctantly to give it up.

It is noticeable, too, that some of the smartest dresses have quite tight and long sleeves. This points to the disappearance of elbow-sleeves and of those known as the "kimono." Indeed, objection is even now being taken to the latter because women who have fine figures find that these full and hanging sleeves confuse the outline and widen and shorten the effect. It is noticeable also at this,

our great annual dress show, that skirts are shorter than they were, in fact that even in muslins and batistes, and other ethereal fabrics, they are no more than on the ground, with a little graceful dip at the back. Feet are consequently more prominent, and, be it said, they bear inspection admirably.

The hats are just marvellous. Never have such light and airy erections been seen before as those composed of tulle, cross osprey feathers, and fairy-like flowers. Unbroken harmonies in white are the latest things in millinery. Made of pure white lace straw, trimmed with white silk tulle and white convolvuli, with white leaves trailing round the crown, and waving over it all a soft aigrette of white cross ospreys, they look like what's-o'clocks that might be blown away with breathed inquiries as to whether or not "he loves me." Someone likens them to wedding-cakes. Possibly their temptation to matrimonial conclusions is more apparent than their likeness to the cake! Then there are

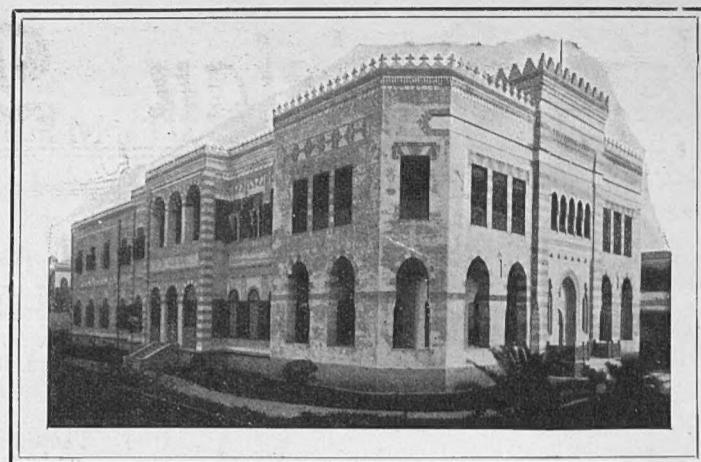
A SILVER CUP MADE FOR THE OFFICERS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

The cup was made to the order of Captain Horsall and Lieutenant Pickering, and presented to the Officers' Mess of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, to commemorate the exceptional success of the 2nd Battalion of this regiment in Rugby football. It was specially manufactured and designed by the Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

hats of Leghorn, wide-brimmed, curiously shaped and trimmed with flowers and magnificent long, soft, rich ostrich-feathers. I notice that the curled ostrich-feather is in favour again fully. The cross osprey is used quite successfully in conjunction with it. Tulle edged with curled ostrich-feather is used as a hat-trimming, and looks deliciously soft and dainty. Many women prefer to wear a black hat with a light marquisette gown over white satin.

One of the sights of London is Society at tea on the terrace of the Hyde Park Hotel. It overlooks the Ladies' Mile, which at tea-time is always crowded. About the time when the Queen may be expected to pass through, the scene reaches its most brilliant point. There are many of the smartest men and prettiest and best turned-out women, gossiping gaily over the afternoon cup, watching the carriages, many of which stop to allow their occupants to join the tea-parties. The situation of the hotel gives it this advantage of a unique position, and attracts to it smart crowds of well-known people, who thoroughly appreciate the al fresco tea and the delightful luncheons and dinners which it provides. Its grill-room is one in which ladies can lunch without male escort, a real boon in a neighbourhood so popular for shopping. The Japanese Ambassador gave a dinner-party there on Friday evening to meet Admiral Ijuin and the officers of the Japanese squadron on a visit to London. The tables looked really beautiful.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found illustrations of a tailor-made coat and skirt in light cloth, and of a race-dress in palest green marquisette with white lawn sleeves, Grecian embroidery round the skirt and the cape-like over-bodice. The large hat is green chip, and it is trimmed with shaded green ostrich-feathers.



THE HOME OF THE "NESTOR"—FORMERLY A TURKISH PASHA'S PALACE.

This beautiful example of true Arabian architecture, situated in the fashionable quarter in Cairo, originally a Turkish Pasha's palace, is now the home or factory of the popular "Nestor" Egyptian cigarettes, which are imported into England in two qualities and sold by all tobacconists and stores and at 10, New Bond Street, London, W.

We have received a most interesting little booklet, entitled "The Story of the 'Nestor'; Why it is Called the 'Exquisite Egyptian.'" The famous cigarettes, we note, are named after their manufacturer, Nestor Gianaclis, of Cairo. From 1878 until two years ago they were made in Cairo only. Now they are made in Boston also, and this new arrangement has made for the cheapening of prices without any lessening of quality in the cigarettes. Nestors, it may be noted, are supplied regularly to the Khedive, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Greece, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Cromer, Lord Rothschild, and many other distinguished people, as well as to the principal clubs and military messes of the world.

What is doubtless the smallest stationary engine ever constructed has been completed at his shop in Yonge Street by Thomas H. Robinson, watchmaker of Toronto, Ontario. Smaller than a common housefly, it slips easily into a "22 short" empty cartridge, with plenty of room to spare. It weighs complete just four grains troy. This is 120 engines to the ounce, 1920 to the pound, and 3,840,000 to the ton. The horse-power is 1-498,000th part of a horse-power, and the speed is 6000 revolutions per minute. The vibrating piston-rod, when running at this speed, emits a sound like that produced by a mosquito. The bore of the cylinder is 3-100th of an inch; the stroke is 1-32 of an inch. The cylinder and piston-rod, shaft, and crank are of steel. The engine-bed and stand are of gold. The balance-wheel, which has a steel centre and arms, with gold rim, weighs one grain, and measures 3-16 of an inch in diameter. The shaft runs in hardened and ground steel bearings fitted to the gold bed. Seventeen pieces were used in making the engine. When running, no motion is visible to the unaided eye. The calculations of both speed and horse-power were made by Professor Chant, of the Physical Department of the Toronto University.



THE GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO THE KING OF DENMARK BY THE CITY OF LONDON.

The principal idea has been to embody a maritime character in the design, as being appropriate to his Majesty's kingdom and also to the first city of the British Empire. One of the most noticeable features of the box, therefore, is a model, on the lid, of an ancient Danish galley in full sail, with a fillet of precious stones along the top of the hull. The decoration of the box is of a Scandinavian style, and on two panels on the obverse are given views of London in enamel. The casket is of 18-carat gold, and was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.